

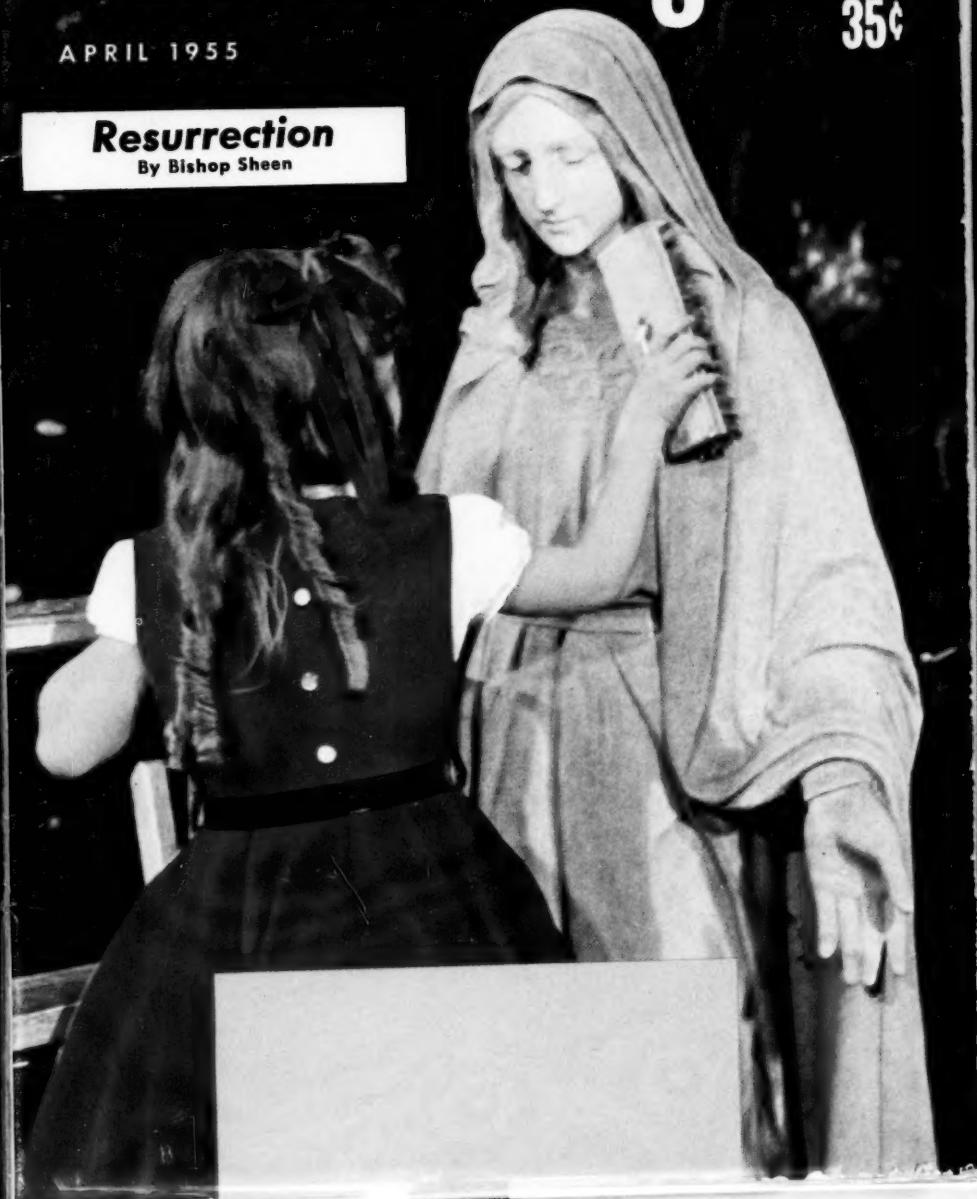
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By Bishop Sheen





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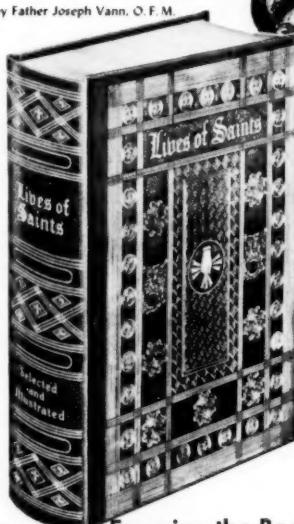
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Resurrection

The enemies of Christ who today seal his tomb and set their guards will yet be witnesses to his risen glory

By  FULTON J. SHEEN

Condensed from *Look**

IN THE HISTORY of the world, only one tomb has ever had a rock rolled before it and a soldier guard set to watch it to prevent the dead Man within from rising: that was the tomb of Christ. What could be more ridiculous than armed soldiers keeping their eyes on a corpse?

But here sentinels are set, lest the dead walk, the silent speak, and the pierced heart quicken to the throb of life. They say He is dead; they know He is dead; they will tell you He will not rise again, but still they watch.

This vigilance at a tomb was not a sudden last-minute fancy. It went back to his prophecies that He would rise again, and to the day when He drove the money-changers from the Temple.

His enemies had

asked, "What sign canst Thou show us as thy warrant for doing this?" Our Lord answered, "Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up." This Temple, they said, had already been 46 years in building, and this unknown Galilean only 30 years of age would destroy it and raise it up in three days. But the Scriptures say, "He spoke of the Temple of his Body."

Three years pass and, during his trial, there was no charge made against his expulsion of the buyers and sellers of the Temple, for the spirit that dictated it was evidently noble. But there was one thing, however, that the witnesses did remember. Like all false witnesses, they twisted it as they said, "We have heard Him say, I will destroy this Temple that is made by men's hands, and



in three days I will build another, with no hand of man to help Me." This was an obvious distortion of his meaning. He did not say, "I will destroy this Temple," but, "Destroy this Temple," which was the Temple of his Body.

On Holy Saturday morning, some men gathered in Pilate's presence said, "Sir, we have recalled it to memory that this deceiver, while He yet lived, said 'I will rise again after three days.' Give orders, then, that his tomb shall be guarded until the third day; or perhaps his disciples will come and steal Him away." Pilate said to them, "You have guards; away with you. Guard it as well as you know how." And they went and made the tomb secure by putting a seal on the stone and setting a guard over it.

The most astounding fact about this spectacle of vigilance over the dead is that the enemies of Christ expected the Resurrection but His friends did not. In three great scenes of the Resurrection drama, we find a note of sadness and unbelief. Magdalen comes to the grave early in the morning with spices, not to greet the risen Saviour but to anoint a dead Body. What is more tragic still, she is weeping. When she finds the tomb empty, instead of believing in the Resurrection, she says, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

That afternoon, some disciples on

the way to Emmaus are so depressed that the risen Lord, who walks with them but does not yet reveal Himself, asks them, "Why are you sad?" They tell Him that the women found the tomb empty and that the angels announced his Resurrection and that He was alive; but not believing in the Resurrection, they complain, "But we hoped that it was He that should have redeemed Israel."

More remarkable still, when the Apostles learned from the women that the tomb was empty and that the angels had announced the Resurrection, the Gospels said, "They did not believe them," but dismissed the reports as idle tales such as one would expect women to tell.

But why did not Magdalen expect the Resurrection? When she found the tomb empty, she broke into tears.

With her eyes cast down, as the brightness of the early sunrise swept over the dew-covered grass, she vaguely perceived someone near her who asked, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She said, "Because they have taken my Lord; and I know not where they have laid Him." There was no terror at seeing the angels, for the world on fire could not have moved her, so much had grief mastered her soul. When she had said this, she turned back and saw Jesus standing; and she knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus said to her, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest

thou?" Magdalen thought He was the gardener of Joseph of Arimathea. The gardener might know where the lost One could be found. And so she prostrates herself, and says, "Sir, if thou hast taken Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." Poor Magdalen! Worn from Good Friday, wearied by Holy Saturday, with life dwindled to a shadow and strength worn to a thread—she would "take Him away." Forever she stands as the type of love that can banish the hardest burden and think the heaviest burden light.

Jesus said to her, "Mary."

That voice was more startling than a clap of thunder. She turns, and, as the red, livid marks in hands and feet meet her gaze, she utters but one word, *Rabboni*. Christ had uttered "Mary," and all heaven was in it. It was only one word she uttered, and all earth was in it, *Rabboni*. Magdalen was prepared only to shed reverential tears over the grave; what she was not prepared for was to see Him walking on the hills of the world. Yet such is the truth of Easter day: the Resurrection of the dead, the triumph of the defeated, the finding of the lost; the springtime of the earth, the waking of life, the trumpet of Resurrection blowing over the land of the living.

Our Lord's Incarnation was announced to a virgin, Mary. But his Resurrection was announced to

a converted sinner, Magdalen. Only purity and sinlessness could welcome the all-holy Son of God into the world, and hence Mary Immaculate met Him at the door of earth in the city of Bethlehem. But only a repentant sinner, who had herself risen from the grave of sin to the newness of life in God, could fittingly understand the triumph over sin. Hence not to the Virgin Mary but to Magdalen are the glad tidings of the Resurrection first announced. In this contrast is hidden the great truth of Easter day: the Resurrection is for sinners. It is the final and absolute proof that our Lord has come "not to call the just, but sinners." To the honor of womanhood, it must forever be said: a woman was closest to the cross on Good Friday, and first at the tomb on Easter morn.

Easter Sunday evening, as his followers were gathered around the evening lamp, all in commotion with the stories of the day, silently, suddenly, unaccountably, casting no shadow, stirring no sound, unbarring no doors, the footfall making no echo, He appeared to them, saying, "What, are you dismayed? Whence come these surmises in your hearts? Look at my hands and my feet, and be assured that it is Myself; touch Me and look; a spirit has no flesh and bones, as you see that I have." And as He spoke thus, He showed them his hands and his feet and his side. Hands which He would bid the

doubting Thomas to touch with his fingers; feet where Magdalen knelt that morning to see the red, livid marks of the nails; side where John leaned to learn the secrets of his Sacred Heart. The Temple that was destroyed was rebuilt in three days.

Why was it that, when the Temple was restored and the Body glorified, He did not heal up these scars and the imprints of a night forever past?

First, to convince us that He was the same person who was "born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried."

Second, He wore them as trophies of love. A soldier who has a gash on his cheek, or the Purple Heart, is proud of the wounds. The wound is no mar to his beauty but a badge of honor. Kings wear jewels, so does He; but his ornaments, his fair array, are the battle scars. These wounds He will take to heaven at the right hand of the Father.

A third and most powerful reason is: He wore the scars to remind us that if He had not escaped persecution, neither shall we. He is the cornerstone of the Temple which is the Church, and we are the stones compacted together in the cement of love of the Holy Spirit. If sufferings could have been avoided, He would have avoided them. As He said to the travelers on the road to Emmaus,

"Was it not to be expected that the Christ should undergo these sufferings and enter so into his glory?"

The scars are a reminder to us of the eternal law that unless there is a cross, there will never be an empty tomb; unless there is the crown of thorns, there will never be the glorified Body. Heaven is won in a war against evil, and God hates false peace in those who are destined for this war.

Tremendous issues are being fought now. For the first time in the history of the world, all civilizations, all cultures, all nations, all peoples are falling together. In all other moments of history, one part of the world fell, while the other part was strong. Jerusalem fell, but Babylon of the Chaldeans was strong; Babylon fell, and the Persians were strong; Darius fell before Alexander, but the Greeks were mighty; Germany fell and America was strong; but now all nations shake.

Even the changeless civilizations such as China and India are now undergoing changes more violent than at any time in more than 2,000 years; the Moslem world is stirring like a giant from sleep; Africa is ready to shake off the Europe that lived by its wealth. Underneath the whole globe is one vast imminent explosion. Indeed, we do have one world, but it is one in anxiety, fear, force, impending catastrophe and apocalyptic nightmare.

In this tottering world, there is only one great issue at stake; the world is deciding whether in the future governments, homes, hearts and souls will be ruled by the cross and the moral law or be crushed beneath the burden of crass materialism.

I see the struggle in two images. One is the giant statue of Atlas, bending and groaning and grunting under the weight of the world. That is modern man. The world is too heavy for him, and man is breaking under it, trying like a silly child to carry it alone, without any help or grace or faith from God. The other image I see is that of the God-Man on Good Friday walking on the world but carrying a cross, that is, taking upon Himself the burden of others and proving that the sacrifice of sin and selfishness and the love of God and neighbor—these, and only these, can remake the world.

No one will get out of this crisis without carrying some burden. Atlas will never get out from under that world; the Man who carried the cross will get out from under it, for it leads to Resurrection and a crown in life eternal. This is the choice before us: either to try to revolutionize the world and break under it, or to revolutionize ourselves and remake the world.

I know that the leaders of world communism are setting the seals and placing the guards against the

Christ saying, "He will never rise again," but He who broke the cerements of the tomb will break them again. Angels on a not too distant Easter morn will say, "Behold the place where they laid Him." The tomb is empty. The wounds are now scars. Within 50 years, communism will be a dim memory. It will break under the world it tried to carry on its shoulders. And one day, Russia will have the faith; its persecutors, like Paul, will become Apostles, and the risen Christ in his Mystical Body will chant a requiem over that Body's enemies.

In this coming conflict, perhaps America will have a role to play something like that of Simon of Cyrene. As this curious passer-by stood on the roadway of Calvary, the long arm of the Roman law reached out and laid its hand upon his shoulders, saying, "Take up his cross and follow Him." Simon reluctantly assumed the burden, but, following in the footsteps of the Master, he soon came to know Him and to love Him.

America, at the crossroads of civilization, is having forced on it the burdens of the world. Like Simon, the cross is thrust upon its shoulders, and, like him, it does not know whose cross it is carrying. Its day of resurrection will be when it sees that it is unlike Atlas bearing the world but that, like the Saviour, it is walking on the world carrying his cross.

Five Minutes With Vishinsky

*"My father beat you with scourges, but
I will beat you with scorpions"*

By N. Virov

Condensed from the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

VI SHINSKY DIED almost happy, tranquilly, within the circle of his family. Politicians, journalists, and friends shared their reminiscences of the departed with the world.

I, too, once met Vishinsky—only once, and our meeting lasted only five minutes. I, also, would like to tell the world about it.

One spring evening in 1936 three students were visiting a friend on a narrow side street in Moscow. The conversation centered around an English movie they had just seen, a hit called *The Invisible Man*.

"It would really be something," mused the youngest, "if we could change into invisible men."

"What for?" queried one of the others sarcastically. "Would you break into the state bank or something?"

"Well, for instance, if I wanted to go to America or Europe, I'd just turn into an invisible man, and take off! Or say, I wanted to visit the Kremlin. You know, I've been living in Moscow for ten

years, and I've never once gotten into the Kremlin; what's more, I'll never get there either."

"But what do you want to get into the Kremlin for?"

"He wants to have a chat with Stalin," laughed one of the others. "It's been quite a while since they've had one."

"That's not so far from wrong," the youngest one answered, growing serious. "I wouldn't mind at all having a talk with him. I've been wanting to ask him some questions for a long time."

And then they discussed literature.

About two weeks later, on the night of April 20, three of the four young men were arrested by the NKVD and taken to the Lubynskaya prison. After eight months of torture and interrogation, all three were arraigned in closed session before the Municipal court of Moscow on charges of "inspiring terror and instigating anti-Soviet agitation."

The man in whose apartment the conversation had taken place was

sentenced to be shot. The youngest student, who had dreamed of fleeing to America, was given five years in a concentration camp.

The one who expressed no desire to go anywhere received two years imprisonment for having failed to notify the NKVD of the conversation. The Soviet criminal code contains a special article, punishing "failure to inform."

The fourth got nothing. During the questioning and the trial itself, he appeared as the only "witness" to the crime. He was an agent of the NKVD.

The youngest student, whom a Soviet court had sentenced to five years in a concentration camp for his dreams of America, was my brother. In March, 1937, he was removed to Ukhto-Pechor, one of the most appalling camps in the Soviet Union.

During the first months of his imprisonment my brother wrote us quite often. After that, his letters came less and less frequently, until finally, by summer of 1938, all correspondence ceased. For three months, silence. My mother's hair turned white. At last, a strange man came to our door with horrifying news.

My brother and four others had tried to escape. The attempt failed. The guards killed two and brought the other three to bay. Then they loosed dogs on them, and beat them. Finally, the authorities locked them in solitary confine-

ment for six months, a place from which we knew very few returned. The day the fugitives were to be sent to the "penal section," our visitor, having served his term, was leaving the camp. My brother managed to give him our address, and a brief account of his ill-fated attempt.

Mother listened, motionless in the middle of the room, her lips gray, her silence more terrible than tears. When the visitor had gone, her strength failed, and she collapsed upon the bed sobbing. All night, we sat at her bedside, and all night struggled with the problem: what could we do to alleviate our brother's suffering?

In our hearts, we had to admit that there was no way to help. He could be paroled only after serving three years of his term. We had already made attempts to have the case appealed, but could find no lawyer who would handle it. We had no "lawful" means whatever to break through the deaf wall of Soviet lawlessness. Now we decided to try by ourselves.

"We must, we must try again!" mother kept repeating convulsively. "I'm going straight to Vishinsky. He can't refuse me! He can't!"

We listened in silence. It never occurred to us that her words would prove prophetic, and that soon one of us would actually have the opportunity to go straight to Vishinsky.

Of all women's "rights" written and unwritten in the Soviet "Constitution," only two actually exist for Soviet citizens. Those are the right to perform labor from which women of other nations have been protected by law for over a century and the right to tears. Struggling through prison waiting rooms, begging consideration from the courts, sending parcels to their imprisoned sons and husbands, writing letters—all these things constitute the inalienable "rights" of women in Russia. Millions of anguished wives, sisters, mothers daily haunt the thresholds of the courts and the prosecutor's offices, trying in vain to glimpse some small trace of justice and humanity.

Mother would rise at 5 A.M.; run to get in line for bread and kerosene; hurry back; make breakfast for the family, and wrap it in a blanket to keep it from cooling. Taking a quick bite for herself, she would rush out of the house just as we were getting up. In the cold autumn evenings, she would arrive home the same time as we, soaked through, chilled and all but petrified from the moral and physical torment she had undergone.

Every evening the same exchange of words would take place, "Anything new, mother?"

"Nothing."

This indicated that she had been refused in still another appeal. Then she would whisper to us what she had seen and heard dur-

ing the ten hours spent with 200 or 300 other unfortunates, waiting in the prosecutor's office or standing at the information window of the NKVD.

The courts, the Central Work Camp administration, the NKVD, the municipal prosecutor—all the rounds of hell had been covered and all hopes had fallen. But just when there was nowhere else to go, I met a man high in Soviet jurisprudence. He was an old schoolmate, who had become a well-known writer and a medal holder. He knew of my brother's case, and I asked him to arrange an appointment for me with the Attorney General of the USSR—anything at all, if but for three minutes.

In less than a week the telephone rang, and I heard my friend's voice. "Your appointment is for Monday. Come alone, because there is only one pass, and it's made out in your name. Do you know where to go? Fine. I hope you make it."

And so, in the attorney general's office, No. 15 Bolshaya Dmitrovka, I stood at last in the presence of Andrei Y. Vishinsky.

Every fiber within me was trembling, but I managed not to betray any emotion. I looked intently at the man. There was nothing repellent in his features. Only his hands, with their long, prehensile fingers, struck me as being, in some way or another, forbidding.

I seemed to have forgotten com-

pletely about my business, and what I had planned to say. All my thoughts were absorbed in the man opposite me. There he sat, the all-powerful attorney general, whose name, along with that of the commissar of internal affairs, Yezhov, was uttered throughout Russia with curses. In a twinkling, everything I knew of Vishinsky came crowding into my mind.

He was one of the "grave beetles" which in unprecedented multitudes crept to the surface of Russian life at the beginning of the Stalin era. They forthwith buried the last dreams of the people, who perhaps were at one time bound to the revolution. In this sense, he was the embodiment of the spirit of the new regime. In his biography, not one uplifting episode can be found; it abounds with examples of perfidy.

It was Vishinsky who, having betrayed his old comrades, the Mensheviks, went over to the Bolshevik camp, only to betray, one after the other, all who helped him to power. It was he who spun a web about the political enemies of his new master and invented nonexistent conspiracies to entangle those whom his chief pointed out. To him, along with Yezhov, belongs the "honor" of having perfected new methods of investigation, from which the sturdiest of men emerged with gray hair, meek and subdued, like children, and admitted to the wildest of accusations.

How many sentences to hard labor or death have been signed by those clenching fingers with their flat nails, and how many more were yet to be signed?

As I stood there, I saw them grasp a pen and make a note on the margin of a paper. Then he raised his eyes, and suddenly I noticed the most unpleasant trait of his features: his eyes, lusterless and cold, reminding me somehow of a python's. They seemed to be enveloping me, drawing out all will to think, to struggle.

"What do you wish of me?"

These were the first words I heard from Vishinsky. He had not replied to the greeting I gave him when I entered, had not even nodded when I bowed, nor offered me a seat.

"I have come about my brother."

"I know. Your brother was convicted of a political crime."

"Yes. Article 58."

"Sections 10 and 11. Do you know what that means?"

"Counterrevolutionary organization and agitation."

"And you are inquiring about him?"

He uttered these words in the same level, colorless tone as he had the others; but one would have had to be stone deaf not to detect the menace lurking in them.

"Yes. I think that my brother deserves indulgence."

"Why?"

"For a number of reasons. In

the first place, when he was arrested, he was only 19. At that age people sometimes . . . ”

“All right. And the second reason?”

“In the second place, the methods of investigation were not . . . fully legal. Threats were used.”

“What kind of threats?”

“The investigator threatened to arrest all my brother's relatives if he did not sign a full confession.”

For an instant (or was it just my imagination?), something in Vishinsky's expression changed. No, not exactly in the expression, but rather in the rearmost corners of his eyes. He lowered them again, and slowly leafed through some papers.

“Anything else?”

“They even applied coercion.”

“How do you know?”

“My brother stated it in court. I assume his statement is included in the briefs.”

“It is. But do you know how the court accepted his statement?”

“No, I do not.”

“It was assumed to be slander against the investigative agencies. And you are now repeating that slander. What do you say to that?”

Another trap, but I would not give up. “It is not slander, Comrade Attorney General. I am merely requesting that you examine my brother's statement.”

There was a moment of silence. “What other reasons do you have for requesting an appeal?”

Reasons? “Legal” reasons, none. Of course, I could still have said much more. I could, for example, have said that no “case” actually existed. I could have said that nowhere in the world except in the Soviet Union are people who dream of fleeing to America tried, tortured, and thrown into prison. Oh, how much more I could have said!

But Vishinsky knew all this better than I. He knew that my brother was in truth beaten during the interrogation, like thousands of other prisoners. But to admit this was for him just as unthinkable as it was for me to blurt it out. He was not simply an attorney general, but The Attorney General of the USSR; he served not truth and justice, but bolshevik truth and justice. He not only served: he was one of the founders, one of the creators of communist morality, which stands contrary to the principles of the rest of mankind.

“I see that you have no other reasons.”

“It seems to me that what I have already said would be sufficient for an appeal.”

“I take it, then, you still insist on a review of the case?”

“With your permission.”

Vishinsky closed the folder with the briefs and laid it to one side.

“All right, I agree with you. I have read your brother's case with great attention, and I am sorry it did not come into my hands soon-

er. I, too, find cause for an appeal."

He stopped for a second, as if to give me time to recover from my astonishment, and then, in the same colorless tone, continued, "If I had seen the case earlier, I would have demanded more severe meas-

ures against your brother. Shall we say not five, but ten years imprisonment?"

Five minutes later, I left the attorney general's office. Before my eyes stood a single image: my mother. How would I tell her?



Encore

THREE WAS a day, not so long ago, when Chief Yelpwe stood in front of Father Remigius McCoy's church at the White Fathers' mission here at Jirapa, Gold Coast, and ordered his people to leave and go back to work. But all that is changed now, though the chief is still a pagan.

The change came with a change in the weather. A long drought threatened to ruin the bean, guinea corn, and millet crops. Famine was near.

Chief Yelpwe ordered sacrifices of every size and shape to his favorite god, Nyenta. The people became restless. The chief forbade market days, in a move to appease the gods. Still no rain.

Murmurs were heard in the chief's own council of elders. One old man stood up and berated his fellow members for their lack of faith. "In times past," he said, "when we needed rain for our fields we went to the mission, prayed to the God of the Christians, and we got rain."

The old man was referring to the great drought of 1929. A delegation of elders had then come from as far as 100 miles to the mission to beg God for rain. And it was the same Father McCoy who knelt with them and led them in simple prayer. The rain came.

Chief Yelpwe listened to the dis-senter. I was present when the chief and his 70 elders came once more to the mission.

Father McCoy said that he would pray for rain if the elders made two promises: that Sunday be observed by all, and that Christians would have the right to teach publicly in any village. No one said No. Later, in the church, Yelpwe and the elders sprawled, half kneeling, half crouching, and prayed in simple words with Father McCoy.

No rain came that day, nor on Tuesday. On Wednesday, Father McCoy decided to visit Tampoey, a village that had not produced a Christian in 25 years. The elder who had come on Monday greeted him, and immediately proposed that Father address the people. One promise had been fulfilled. That next Sunday saw fulfillment of the other promise. The people observed it as a day of rest.

At 9:30 Sunday night, distant thunder was heard. A half hour later the clouds burst over Jirapa. All day Monday a gentle rain continued. The drought was over. Next morning the church was filled with people thanking God. Gordon H. Fournier, W. F., in NCWC dispatch (30 Aug. '54).

The "King of Comedy" tells

How to Throw a Pie

By MACK SENNETT

As told to Cameron Shipp

Condensed from "King of Comedy"*

NOWADAYS PEOPLE often say to me, "Mack, movies just aren't as funny as they used to be." They're right. Any insurance company will confirm the fact that not one citizen of the U.S. has died laughing in a movie house since the days of Ben Turpin.

Mr. Turpin, as many lucky survivors recall, used to murder entire audiences as a matter of course. But times have changed. I don't think that this is anybody's fault, particularly. Only a few years ago, *everybody* was funnier. I mean plain, ordinary people, aunts and uncles and suchlike, the kind we all know. They opened their mouths wide and laughed out loud, and didn't look over their shoulders to see if anybody might be watching.

You probably will remember many of the funny people who worked for me not so long ago at Keystone Studios. They would set

upon people all over the place with slats and pies. They made fun of everybody and everything. They rolled audiences in the aisles.

One afternoon, we were having trouble shooting a simple scene. Ben Turpin was to be photographed sticking his head through a door. Since Turpin's eyes were aimed in all directions, we thought the scene would be funny. It wasn't.

"Don't look into the camera," I yelled. "This is the kind of scene we just toss in, casual like."

Turpin stared at me, or approximately at me, with affronted dignity. "Shoot the eyes! Shoot the eyes!" he squalled. "What do millions of people go to movies for?"

Ben squinted, peered, and mouthed, but still the scene was not comical. But suddenly it became one of the funniest shots ever flashed on any screen.

Mabel Normand, who



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was playing the heroine, had nothing to do during this sequence. She had been sitting quietly, minding her own business, when she found a pie in her hand. Miss Normand was not startled. At Keystone you were likely to find anything in your hand from a lion to a raw egg. You were as likely to meet an ape on the sidewalk as Gloria Swanson. We lived our art.

As a matter of fact, two carpenters were having a custard pie for dessert, and Mabel had absently picked it up. Inspiration came to her. She hefted the pastry in her palm, considered it benevolently, went into a windup like a big-league pitcher, and threw. The custard wobbled in a true curve and splashed with a dull explosion in Ben's face. The rest is history. Millions of dollars and a million laughs had hung on her aim.

No one expected this memorable heave, least of all Ben Turpin. The grinding camera was full on him. When the custard smote him, his face was as innocent of anticipation as a plate. Both his face and his aplomb vanished in a splurtech of goo that dripped down his shirt front. As the camera held on him, his magnificent eyes emerged, batting in stunned outrage in all directions.

We knew a good thing when we saw it. We seized upon pie throwing, refined it, perfected its techniques, and presented it to the theater as a new art. It became a

routine like the double-take, the slow burn, and the frantic leap, all stock equipment of competent comedians. When the pie scene was shown that night in the screening room, we saw right away why it was funny.

It was funny, not only because a pie in the face is an outrage to plumped-up dignity, but because Turpin had received the custard without the faintest flick of premonition. That surprise element is absolutely essential to the gag. Later, it was to take actors with a stern artistic conscience to stand still and innocent, never wagging an eyelash, while people took aim at them with that kind of ammunition.

We became scientists in custard. A man named Greenburg, who had a small bakery near our studio, started specializing in throwing-pies. We bought so many from him that he got rich. His special throwing-pies were just right in heft and consistency, filled with paste, and inedible. He lost most of his eating customers when he began selling them throwing-custards by mistake.

It took skill to throw a pie properly. We had quite a few actors at the studio who mastered the technique, but the real Christy Mathewson of the custard was Del Lord.

"Pie throwing is a delicate and serious art," Mr. Lord once confided to me. "Like golf or tennis, it requires a nice sense of balance and

a definite follow-through. Actually, you don't throw like a shortstop rifling to first base. You *push* the pie toward a face, leaning into your follow-through. And you must never let an actor know just when you're going to give him the custard. You have to con your victim into a sense of security, and then let him have it. Even the greatest actors, like José Ferrer or John Gielgud, find it difficult to conceal anticipation.

"As for the pie itself," went on Mr. Lord, "I always preferred the berry to the custard. After the actual whomp in the face, the berries trickle beautifully down the actor's shirt. This is muddy, frothy, and photogenic."

We got busy right away on a picture we called *The Great Pie Mystery*. Pies were thrown from everywhere, and the audience couldn't see who was throwing them. We even invented a way to throw pies around telephone poles. We did this by having an expert flycaster climb a stepladder, out of camera range. With a rod and reel and a pie on the end of his line he could make the pie do a figure 8 before it hit a guy in the face.

If Del Lord was the greatest thrower of pies, Ben Turpin was the finest artist on the receiving end. Turpin came to us from the circus and vaudeville. As soon as his face became known all over the world, he demanded that we take out an insurance policy with

Lloyd's of London which would pay him \$1 million if his eyes ever became uncrossed. An oculist examined him and assured Lloyd's that their money was safe. Ben's eyes were fixed and so were his notions.

He had an unshakable conviction that he couldn't be funny after 5 p.m. When the quitting bell rang, he left, no matter what it cost the studio. We paid Turpin \$1,500 a week at the height of his powers. He saved all his money, bought apartment houses, and became very rich. Eventually, he got his total income up to \$3,000 a week. But he watched every penny. He would save a few dollars a week by personally doing the janitor work at all his apartment houses.

He seldom drove an automobile. (That's a frantic thought: who knows how many directions he would have tried to drive at once, with his eyes pointing every which way?) He preferred to save money by traveling by streetcar.

He would enter the trolley, draw his wrenlike physique up to full strut, and squeak at the top of his voice: "I'm Ben Turpin! Three thousand dollars a week!" Before taking his seat he would treat the passengers to a 108. A 108 is an acrobat's term for a comic fall which only the most skillful athletes can perform. One foot goes forward, the other foot goes backward, the comedian does a counter somersault and lands flat on his back.

I've seen Turpin do 108's not only on streetcars but on concrete sidewalks, wherever there was an audience handy to which he could introduce himself as \$3,000-a-week Turpin.

Ben could fall, tumble, and prank with the best of comedians. But his special and universal appeal was that of all undersized gents who stand up against fate anyway. Ridiculous to everyone, yes, but not

to himself. He had his own pride.

Ben Turpin died rich and having fun. After his retirement, he made a hobby of directing traffic at the intersection of Santa Monica Blvd. and Western Ave. With eyes crossed and arms flailing, he engineered some of the most outrageous traffic jams in the history of congested Los Angeles. And he yelled to every motorist, "Ben Turpin, \$3,000 a week."

Hearts Are Trumps

TIM CAME INTO my office one day at the state penitentiary. He was insolent, arrogant; obviously he bore a grudge against the world. He stood before my desk and said, "I'm just out of solitary, and they've sent me to you because they don't know what else to do with me. I've worked everywhere else in the prison, and your print shop is the only place left. I'm warning you—I'm a troublemaker. I hate guards and everyone else connected with prisons. I don't want to learn to be a printer, and I don't think you can teach me anything. So you might just as well send me back to the cell block right now."

Having made his little speech, he waited for me to call a guard to take him away, but I didn't. Despite his belligerence, I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. He was very young, but already was terribly disfigured. One of his ears had been completely torn off in a brawl.

Well, Tim came to work for me. He wasn't easy to get along with. He resisted change and he resented authority. Other convicts disliked him and avoided him. But gradually, by keeping him busy, treating him as a human being, and helping him to regain his pride in achievement, I tried to change his attitude. In time, he became an excellent student.

Later, I persuaded the prison doctors to create a plastic ear for him. They made him one that almost defied detection. The new ear was the finishing touch to a new man.

Two years ago, Tim was paroled. Several months ago he came to visit me. He has a fine job, is an active leader in youth projects, and has become a Catholic.

My unexpected reward? He took a rosary from his pocket and said, "I carry this now, instead of a gun."

E. F. Ryan

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

My First Easter Vigil

*Plain chant against a background of
hot jazz made it memorable*

By A. DE BETHUNE
Condensed from the *Salve Regina**

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER my first Easter vigil, not only for its beauty, but also because it was the one time in my life that I heard plain chant sung against a none-too-distant background of hot jazz. It happened this way.

The paschal full moon was to rise around 8 p.m. Rafaela, my hostess, had been hoping for a clear night so that she might show me the beauty of the moonrise over Bacalar lake there in Yucatan. She had been telling me about it for weeks, but it had rained the last few evenings.

Now, however, the skies had cleared, and we met on the porch to bask in the soft, cool, crystalline tropical night. Rafaela's youngest baby, Cristobal Salvador, had quieted down and was nestling in her lap. The others, grandmother, brother, sister, babies, were all indoors, asleep in their hammocks. We sat there, resting, chatting, watching the East, awaiting the spectacle.

First a glow appeared behind the low jungle horizon on the far side

of the lake. At last the moon arose and swiftly stepped out of the earth and into the sky, leaving her ribbon on the lake. So this was the same bright moon, full, as it shone on that blessed night which despoiled the Egyptians and enriched the Hebrews! That night on which our forefathers were led out of bondage to pass the Red Sea with dry feet. That night of which it is written: "And night shall be light as the day; the darkness thereof, and the light thereof are alike to thee."

I wondered if there were others



in the village watching this breathtaking display. In the forest territories south of Yucatan, as anywhere else in the world, the most unlikely people are alive to such beauty, while others are simply not concerned with it.

For a long time we sat, watching the moon rise higher, smaller and sharper in the immensity of the heavens. Then we arose; it was time to go to church. The Holy Saturday services had been scheduled to start at 10:30 P.M.

They had been scheduled, but I wondered whether anyone would come. A dance had been planned for the same time. Don José, the unofficial head of the village, and a Church hater, was responsible for the dance. It was to be in his establishment, and, naturally, to his profit.

Musicians had arrived from the town. Three of them, neat, dignified, middle-aged gentlemen who knew nothing about village squabbles, had wandered into the church at sundown. They had stopped to see the painting of the Last Supper which I had just finished on the sacristy wall, and which they had politely admired. For quite a while we had chatted on the church steps, I with my broken Spanish, they with their city ease.

Tension between Don José and the Padre was usually softened by mutual courtesies. Don José's threat of holding some of his "parties" during Lent, for example, was gra-

ciously withdrawn at the priest's request. The Padre, too, sometimes extended a favor of his own (such as the hospitality of his jeep) thus keeping the conflict on a cold-war basis. However, the matter of the dance this night was different.

To do him justice, Don José had been very good all through Lent. Not one party during the whole 40 days! But on Holy Saturday isn't Lent finished? What right have the clergy to complain? Haven't there always been doings the evening of Holy Saturday? Why, it's traditional!

The Padre, on the other hand, had been toying with the idea of holding the new Easter vigil on Saturday evening. But much as his enthusiasm for the liturgy demanded it, he had almost given up the idea. For one thing, he had managed to keep the dances off for all of Lent. How could he now insist on an extra day?

Also, his being a Yankee, a foreigner, made it hard for him to buck traditions, or rather to know which traditions to buck. With only some 20 churchgoers in his community of 800 souls, hadn't he better forget about introducing "innovations"? The very presence of a priest at all was perhaps enough of an innovation.

As long as anyone could remember, there had been no priest in this village to interfere with life. At least, not until Padre Verde (Father Green) turned up a few

years ago to rebuild the church. Now, here was the new Padre freshly appointed to this weedy parish. Shouldn't he perhaps insist first on things more essential than liturgical details?

Around the 4th Sunday of Lent, a letter arrived from the bishop, asking his thinly scattered clergy to hold the Easter vigil according to the new text. He enclosed a copy, neatly printed in black and red on the Vatican presses.

That settled it. Dance or no dance, tradition or no tradition, empty church or full church, the Padre tacked the bishop's letter to the church door and announced the Easter vigil. Now the big point was whether or not Don José would still decide to hold his dance on Saturday evening.

The rumor spread that Don José would be having his party anyway. The musicians' arrival seemed to confirm this. So all was set! The Padre resigned himself to carrying on with the vigil in an empty church.

The rest of Holy Week had gone off remarkably well, so he could not complain. Holy Thursday had seen an unprecedented number at Mass and Communion. Then all day long, and all that night, and through the whole morning of Good Friday, people had knelt in relays to adore the *Santísimo* upon the altar of repose.

Then at noon, when Good Friday services began, the church was

full. It was a legal holiday, of course. And for the many people who set foot into church only once a year, Good Friday services are indeed an occasion. There were, naturally, the *Passion* and the *Prayers* (also read aloud in Spanish by the catechist). Then followed the Veneration of the Cross, to which each one came in a variety of styles, the holiest way, of course, being to walk on one's knees the length of the church with arms outstretched.

For some people, the exercises of religion are something of an endurance contest. The more prayers and litanies they can pile up, or the longer and more agonizing their performance, the more justified they feel upon going home.

The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament was next in turn, and finally came the Mass of the Presanctified. Mothers with infants, and dogs, children, old women, boys and men kept coming and going in the sober-festive mood which in Yucatan is proper to sacred occasions. Throughout Holy Saturday devout people kept dropping into the church to venerate the crucifix.

And now it was 10 p.m. When Rafaela and I had trudged up the bluffs from Bacalar lake to the church, we found a scattering of people going to Confession or still venerating the crucifix on their knees. The moon was high by now. Under the shadow of the church, two men were blowing

upon a smoldering charcoal fire. Eventually, the crucifix was removed, the electric lights turned off, and a boy came with a box of candles. A small group gathered near the fire at the west door. Soon it was 10:30, and by moonlight, the Padre with his acolytes arrived in procession through the outside entrance.

All was silence. The priest whispered a few instructions, then spoke aloud: "*Dominus vobiscum.*" Then, in this impressive setting of moonlight, glowing coals, and flickering shadows, he commenced the hallowed words for the blessing of the new fire. At that moment, the sound of jazz music broke out.

From Don José's back yard half a block away, his small orchestra was sending up the music of the flesh: *ta-ta, de ta-ta*. Through the still air, syncopated rhythms reached our ears.

Not a sign of recognition appeared upon the faces around me. The Padre went right on with his blessing. Carving the candle and selecting the grains of incense gave him a moment's trouble. They were clumsy grains he had asked me to make that afternoon from some wild incense one of the men had brought in from the forest.

Outside, the first dance ended. After a brief pause, the musicians launched into another fox trot.

By now the Padre, standing in the door, had lighted the big paschal candle. He raised it aloft and

intoned: "*Lumen Christi,*" while we all fell to our knees and a fair number who had been rehearsed responded, "*Deo gratias.*" He then explained that everyone was to receive a candle, and all would then enter the church in procession: first the men, then the women.

I was surprised to notice how many people had gradually congregated. Those now deliberately walked into the immense, dark church in the wake of Christ, that lone, flickering candlelight. They were leaving everything outside: the allurements of Don José's ball, even the light of the lovely moon.

Midway in the church, the priest stopped, turned around, lifted the candle once more towards the towering, shadowy arches. His flock was not staying in line; it was huddling close to the glimmering of that Christ candle. He sang again then, and on a higher tone, "*Lumen Christi.*" The people were getting the feel of this, and most of them now answered, "*Deo Gratias.*"

The candle then went forward once more towards the sanctuary, with the throng (at least 150 people) following, and stopped at the altar rail for the third *Lumen Christi*. By now the doors had been closed, and it so happened that the dance orchestra, having finished its third number, was taking a 15-minute rest. The men sat on the benches to the right, their accustomed places, and the women on

the left. All were full of expectation, and in a perfect stillness the Padre began the *Exultet*.

O truly blessed night in which heavenly things are united to those of earth! The inspired cadences rolled along. And now came the time for lighting the people's candles. In complete silence the men went up to the sanctuary gate where the priest was standing. Each one in turn lighted his own candle from the flame of the big one.

I could see their faces clearly as they returned to their seats. I shall never forget those faces rapt in supreme joy. These simple people were oblivious to all in the world, intent solely upon shielding with their hand that little candle flame they carried.

Probably none of these people had ever heard of the symbolism of the paschal candle, and none could have understood it had he heard. But all knew in their hearts that surely this flame was holy and that they were carrying their own living, burning share of it in their hands.

The result was a glorious illumination of the building and of the faces, those living stones of the spiritual building. The darkness was being dispersed, and the Church's rejoicing was adorned with the brightness of so great a light and the honeyed fragrance of the melting wax. One could feel the bond of those who have taken

part together in a great mystery.

Abruptly, the hot jazz music once again broke forth and penetrated the sacred precincts. Now it mingled and intertwined with the blessing of the baptismal water. At times, the sophisticated rhythms were half covered by the Padre's chant, but in the pauses they would swell.

And so the holy rites continued, alternating intervals of chant with phrases of music, or moments of complete silence with mixed chant and swing. The musicians happened to be resting when we in church finally reached the heights of the *Great Litany*. But they started up again just in time for the *Kyrie eleison*, and were going full blast when the *Gloria* finally resounded to drown them out, with all bells ringing, people singing, and firecrackers being shot off outside. Excitement was reaching its peak, and irrepressible souls were rushing to uncover the statues, especially that of the great patriarch San Joaquín. Finally, after the paschal Communion and the short Lauds with solemn *Benedictus*, the ceremonies were over.

Doña Rafaela and I headed for home. It was near one o'clock. The moon was still high, but it was clouding up in the West. We passed Don José's, now quiet.

We arrived at the corner of the lonely square overlooking the lake, and saw a few men. Valentín, Rafaela's husband (being a soldier

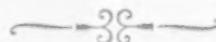
and nonchurchgoing), had waited up to see us home. And while waiting he had of course dropped in at Don José's.

Valentín and Rafaela were extremely curious each to learn how the other's celebration had turned out. But each was reluctant to be the first to admit either success or defeat.

From all I could make out (I was not included in the conversation), each started out with a modest appraisal of attendance. When we arrived at the bottom of the

hill, Don Valentín turned left to go back to the fortress. We turned right; we were home.

Rafaela then told me about it. "Don José had just the three musicians, and nobody went; just a few soldiers. He will have lost money. You can't have a real dance in this village anyway because there are no *señoritas*—only a few unattached girls. But he'll make up for his loss tomorrow night. Everybody will go then. He'll still make money. Ah! but, in church—it was beautiful!"



Grimm . . .

Hansel and Gretel has been rewritten. On communist radio networks it is a drama of slave labor in the West. This is how the story goes.

Two children of hard-working collective farmers stray across the border into the evil lands of the capitalist West. They are discovered by the greedy wife of a capitalist who presents them to her husband as slaves.

They escape and are pursued, but a communist frontier guard rescues them in the nick of time and delivers a moral lecture: children must never cross the border, but dutifully help their parents fulfill the norms of the plan.

. . . Grimmer

In communist East Germany, *Snow White* is broadcast on the radio this way.

Snow White, an outcast, is educated with the children of the castle janitor. She is on good terms with the farmers, who are actually revolutionaries. That is why the queen hates her.

The queen poisons Snow White with tainted canned goods from the U.S. A people's police commissioner, searching for potato bugs dropped on the crops by foreign enemies, finds her body. He liberates her and she leaps from her glass coffin shouting "Friendship!" Joyous shouts come from the dwarfs, who are digging for uranium in the Urals.

Quote (30 Jan. '55).

TV With Teachers

When ETV comes to your town, don't expect TV as you know it or education as you remember it

By ED KIESTER

Condensed from *Parade**

LAST FALL, a few days after St. Louis's educational television station went on the air, a half-hour program aired a discussion of a hot local issue, the route of a new superhighway. Discussion quickened to argument. As tempers reached a boil, the 30-minute mark approached. Both sides looked pleadingly at Martin P. Quigley, who was then station director.

The signal they wanted came quickly. "Cancel the next show. Keep this thing going," Quigley ordered. When the hour ended, the contestants were talked out, and the subject had been adequately dealt with.

Briefly, that is KETC, a community-owned, nonprofit station that dares to match Milton Berle with a discussion of a superhighway. It habitually disregards commercial TV's taboos on presentation, timing, and almost everything else. Its aim is to raise TV's cultural standards from the lowest common denominator of commercial TV to "the greatest boon to education since the printing press." To do



this requires money and ingenuity.

KETC has little of the former, but plenty of the latter. Broadcasting from a made-over girls' gymnasium at Washington university (the place is so crowded that one producer, housed in a converted snack bar, uses a refrigerator for a file cabinet), KETC beams 20 hours of excellent programs a week to a potential audience of 675,000. About half its shows are live, the remainder filmed or kinescoped. And all of them wear the KETC trade marks: ingenuity, low-cost operation, community spirit.

Such, in fact, are the trade-marks

*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Jan. 16, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Parade Publication, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

of educational television as a whole. The U.S. now has 11 active ETV stations, with eight more due by midsummer; all are alike in being unorthodox. When ETV comes to your town, don't expect to see television as you know it or education as you remember it. You'll see traces of both, blended with a good deal that's new and different.

Erv has galloped off in several different directions. In Houston, the university operates KUHT almost as a university of the air, with professors on the screen, pupils in the living room, and college credit at the end of the "semester." KETC, by contrast, aims to "tap all the resources of the community and report on the community to the community."

One of four community-owned stations (the others are in Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and Cincinnati), KETC got its start when the late Mayor Joseph E. Darst proposed the idea to a meeting of 26 representatives of local educational agencies. Public support came quickly. PTA and women's clubs saw the educational value of TV. The two local universities, Washington and St. Louis, were eager for air time. The historical society, civic opera, art galleries, and libraries all eyed the project with enthusiasm. The educators decided that only a broad-based community station could draw on all these storehouses of knowledge, and represent all points of view.

When and Where You'll See Educational TV

On the air now: Houston; East Lansing, Mich.; Pittsburgh; Madison, Wis.; San Francisco; Cincinnati; St. Louis; Lincoln, Neb.; Munford, Ala.; Chapel Hill, N.C.; Seattle.

Expected by summer: Boston; Champaign-Urbana, Ill.; Detroit; Philadelphia; Memphis; New Orleans; Miami; Birmingham.

In the near future: Columbus, O.; Oklahoma City; Tulsa; Chicago; Athens and Atlanta, Ga.; Denver; Cleveland; Toledo; Nashville.

Planning started: Little Rock, Ark.; Sacramento, San Diego, San José, San Bernardino and Stockton, Calif.; Washington, D.C.; Gainesville, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, and Tampa-St. Petersburg, Fla.; Carbondale and Peoria, Ill.; Lawrence, Manhattan, and Kansas City, Kan.; Des Moines; Baltimore; Minneapolis-St. Paul; New York; Charlotte, N.C.; Akron; Greenville, S.C.; Vermillion, S.D.; Dallas; San Antonio; Richmond; Milwaukee; Ann Arbor, Mich.

Thus the St. Louis Educational Television commission was born. Composed of labor leaders, businessmen, educators, and clergymen, it set about getting a license, hiring a staff, charting policy—and, par-

ticularly, raising funds. (Starting a station can cost upwards of \$1 million.)

Foundations helped. Industry and its employees gave big donations. The schools, public, private and parochial, gave \$1 a student a year, for a \$138,000 total. But the big push came from the grassroots level. Spearheaded by PTA groups, women's clubs, and civic organizations, a house-to-house fund drive canvassed the area for six weeks. Volunteer workers talked up KETC before clubs, wrote publicity. Although fund raisers admitted that they "only scratched the surface," they raised \$104,000.

What is St. Louis getting for its money? "Talk," says Quigley. "They're calling us the panel channel. But talk is cheap, talk is educational, so there's plenty of it on KETC." Actually, the bill of fare is more varied. Programs include a taste of drama, a sprinkling of music, political debates, and some lively discussions of local issues.

When the idea of ETV was first broached, educators spoke wistfully of its value as a "classroom aid." KETC has tried to make such dreams come true. The current series of programs includes science, music, and a high-school assembly program. All are mapped out by educators, and hammered into final shape by TV professionals. Each teacher is given a study guide, outlining each program and suggesting follow-up reading, field trips,

and other material to be used.

Educators are delighted with the results so far. *Science in Sight*, a program aimed at 5th and 6th graders, has taken them (by kinescope) to a hydroelectric dam, a limestone quarry, an eroded field. "These are things the average city student could never appreciate by reading a textbook," says Philip J. Hickey, superintendent of schools. "From what we've seen, our science students are far ahead of those who never had the advantage of TV."

The glamour of TV is a big aid, too. "Let's face it," said one teacher. "I can talk about the effects of vinegar on limestone all I want. I can demonstrate it in the classroom. But when kids actually see acid in vinegar reacting with alkali in limestone, and the gas bubbling up before their eyes on TV, they remember it. This is a TV age, and this is a way we can keep up with it."

There are still some drawbacks to classroom TV. Some schools have no sets, some age groups have been passed over, some subjects just don't lend themselves to TV. "And there has to be more coordination between TV and classroom work," Hickey says. "TV can't just be an extra. It must be at the core of the instruction."

After class hours, KETC tries a different tack. Its big afternoon venture finds lanky, easygoing Sonny Fox romping through an hour-and-a-half show called *The Finder*. His

job: to find things that will interest kids. His success: enough to compete with Howdy Doody.

Fox, 29, wheels around in a low-slung sports car. He turns up such personalities as a rocket expert to give children the lowdown on space travel. An ex-globetrotter, guitarist, and emcee, he delights kids with his conversations with a puppet, Henry the Humming Bird.

Evenings, KETC telecasts about two hours of adult shows, aimed at spurring listeners to seek out the details of a subject. Two ETV standbys, Dr. Frank Baxter's Shakespeare series and *Here Is the Past*, a series on archaeology and history, are the backbone.

The station also offers educational shows with its own local stamp. KETC is especially proud of its American-history series by Father John F. Bannon, S.J., of St. Louis university. His freewheeling use of backyard slang to explain pioneer America has won a wide audience. "These crazy, mixed-up kids," he said once, referring to Columbus' contemporaries, "thought the world was flat." "Cortez," he remarked on another occasion, "clobbered the Aztecs."

My Favorite Reading, a ten-minute nightly closer which features a guest reading his favorite passage in literature, is one of KETC's favor-

ite programs, judging by fan mail, KETC's only barometer. Even the kids write in. Wrote one ten-year-old critic, "I think *Science in Sight* could stand a little more zip."

The public pulse is important to KETC; and the staff keeps alert to the wishes of the community. It has had several demands for a do-it-yourself program, which has had considerable success on WQED, Pittsburgh. This may come in due time.

A big help to KETC and other ETV operations is the Educational TV center at Ann Arbor, Mich. Drawing on the best in programming by local stations, it exchanges low-cost films and kinescopes with other stations. It has been responsible for the wide distribution of the Shakespeare series and several symphonic-music programs.

The ultimate goal is for a coast-to-coast web of educational stations in 30 years. Educational TV has a long way to go, through a vast and uncharted sea. And, like KETC, it will zigzag and backtrack and change direction.

How will you know when it reaches its destination? "It won't show in the listener rating," says Quigley, "because educational TV's purpose is to wean people away from TV." When business picks up at the local libraries, universities, and museums, educational TV will have accomplished its mission.



DON'T DRIVE as if you own the road; drive as if you own the car.

Rocky Mountain News.

Rehearsal for Death

I take credit for only one word

By

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

HERE'S A SPOT near Mürren, Switzerland, that I call Denture Dip. Listen a moment, and you'll see why.

One February I had gone to Mürren for the skiing, in company with a young married couple, Julian and Brigid Salmond. A new ski lift had been built that season, adding some variations on the older runs. As we reached the bottom of the lift it occurred to me that it would be fun to put the first straight track down beside the ski lift.

I did not warn the Salmonds (mistake No. 1); I ran the steep slope straight without a preliminary exploration of the ground (mistake No. 2); and I approached a blind edge at high speed (mistake No. 3). In fact, I broke all the rules which I have defined in print for the benefit of other people.

I saw the blind edge, decided to chance it, shot into the air and fell



Condensed from
*Columbia**

into a ditch. There was a vertical drop of about five feet into the ditch, which had been masked by drifted snow. I landed on my head, having performed a semisomersault in the air, and my head drove through a foot or so of powdered snow into the compacted, crusted snow below. Some of the loose snow from the top of the bank was swept off as I fell, and it piled on top of me.

My body was sloped downwards, my head three feet or more below the surface, my knees more loosely covered. My right hand was just clear of the snow, but it must have been numbed by the pressure of the snow, for I could feel nothing.

I remembered what I had myself written about avalanches, how men can either live for hours or die in a few minutes, depending on the texture of the snow and the position of the body.

With the utmost difficulty I freed

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 10, Conn. January, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

my mouth and nostrils from the smother of snow. But no sooner was my face clear than a cascade of powdery snow again gummed up my nose and filled my mouth. I spat out the snow and I spat out my dentures, and I sucked in what little oxygen remained.

I knew that some little time would pass before I was missed. The Salmonds might think that I had forgotten them and taken the next ski hoist to the top. Twenty minutes or more might pass before I was dug out. Could I last 20 minutes?

Was it really conceivable, I found myself asking, that I could die in so absurd a fashion? I had survived many hazards among the mountains, and often missed death by inches. Had I been spared the dignity of death among the heights only to die on a slope crowded with ski novices, less than 500 feet from the Palace hotel, Mürren? Could there be a more humiliating end to a mountaineering career?

I soon lost the power of connected thought, and passed into a dreamlike existence which I remember much as one remembers a nightmare. Suddenly I knew beyond all possible doubt that I was dying. How strange that this should be the end! Within a few score yards there were friends who would rush to help me if they only knew.

When I felt my consciousness ebbing, my lips managed to frame

the one word *Confiteor*. If God wouldn't take the rest as said, there was nothing more that I could do about it. I had no margin left for any mental or physical efforts other than those dedicated to this grim struggle for oxygen. I felt no fear of death and no curiosity as to what would follow death. I was too exhausted either to rebel against fate or to acquiesce in what I dimly felt to be the judgment of heaven.

I felt a poignant anxiety about my wife and the consequences for her of my folly. Somewhere on the slope Julian and Brigid were skiing, and they would have the task of telling her. In a dim, gray fashion, I felt sorry for them.

Every moment I found it more difficult to keep the snow from my mouth. The more of an effort it was to fight for breath, the more tempting it became to surrender. Though I had abandoned hope, I vaguely felt that decency demanded that the last rear-guard action against death should be fought as stubbornly as possible. I was only just conscious when I felt a sudden tug, as if my skis were being wrenched off my feet.

Hope flooded back into my all but airless prison. My every reserve of physical and mental effort was thrown into the struggle for survival. They tell me that they reached me within five minutes of my fall and that the digging process took two or three minutes.

Eight-Day Entombment

A SWEDISH search party, looking for a missing hunter, found him alive, buried under an avalanche, eight days after he had disappeared. A movie ticket and good hunting luck saved his life.

The avalanche had locked his skis so he could not move his legs, but he was able to fasten a bright red ticket stub to a twig and thrust it to the snow's surface in the faint hope that it would be noticed. During the days and nights he lay covered he lived on three ptarmigan he had shot before the avalanche caught him.

AP (31 Jan. '55).

They were long enough, those last three minutes.

And this is what had happened since I fell. At the moment when I landed in the ditch, a skier was just attaching himself to the moving anchor of the ski hoist.

He had passed within three or four yards of where I was lying, noticed that a ski was sticking out of the snow, and shouted that there was an accident.

One of the first to arrive was Brigid Salmond. She saw my limp hand sticking out of the snow and assumed that I was dead. She shouted for help, and began to take off my ski. Then she began to dig in the wrong place. Suddenly, she felt that she saw something moving below the snow. I

was far too deeply buried for my feeble movements to be plainly visible on the surface. However, she started digging in a new place and went straight down to my head. I was so firmly embedded in the crust that she had to tear with her nails to uncover my head.

I had heard nothing of the shouts for help. Suddenly I heard a faint far-off scratching sound above my head, and a feeling as of a weight being gradually removed. The snow was no longer pressing me in so relentlessly. Air seemed to be filtering in through the lighter snow. And then I felt fingers on my face, and looked up and saw the sky.

There was a rush of air to my mouth, and I drank in the life-giving air as if it had been wine. There were hands below lifting me up, and above was the blue sky, full of space and freedom.

A Dr. Flatt who was there when they dug me out told me that my knees were doubled up against my body, and that this aggravated my difficulty in breathing. "You were very blue about the lips when we got you out. You wouldn't have lasted much longer. That girl did a splendid job. She did not waste a moment getting to your head."

I was dizzy when I staggered to my feet, and as the blood flowed back into my half-frozen fingers I was nearly sick with the reaction from semisuffocation and cold.

Then came the anticlimax. I had

lost my dentures. The anxiety for my life gave place to anxiety about them, and Brigid, who had found my face in the drift, placed me still further in her debt by finding my teeth in the snow. And that is why I call that place Denture Dip.

I'm afraid that on the whole my experience was not very edifying. The chief virtue in this account is that it is all true.

The word *Confiteor* was not much, but at least it showed my

readiness to make a good end. My memory of this rehearsal for death gives me now a new understanding of that ancient prayer: *Pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of our death. Amen.* The business of dying is extremely exhausting, and one does not always think clearly under such stress. I shall feel lucky if on my deathbed I am able to indicate that a priest should be sent for, and, once he comes, able to make a sign that I understand him.

In our parish the priest went to visit a woman who he heard had been sick for some time. He was amazed at her condition; to his experienced eye she looked near death, yet he had not been summoned to administer the Last Rites.

He went into the next room, and telephoned the woman's doctor. He confirmed the priest's suspicions: she was slowly dying. The priest broke the news to her gently.

"But I've known it for some time, Father," she protested.

"Then why didn't you send for me?" Father asked.

"Oh, Father, I didn't want to frighten my husband."

"I think he'd better know," said Father, and he went downstairs and told him. "But, Father, I've known it all along," the husband said.

"Then why didn't *you* send for me?"

"I didn't want to frighten my wife."

Theodore Cilwick.

In our parish I stopped for lunch at a cafeteria. The waiter placed my tray on a table set for four, next to another woman lunching alone. A young mother and her small child took the other two places. Both were eating fish.

My mind made some lightning calculations. Was today a fast day? Abstinence? Wednesday? Friday? Ember day? No, maybe they just liked fish.

But the other woman was not so easily satisfied. I noticed her staring at the fish.

"Is this a fast day?" she finally asked. The young mother looked up, perplexed. "What did you say?" she answered.

"Is this a fast day?" the first woman repeated hesitantly.

The mother looked puzzled. Finally, she answered hopefully, "No, to tell you the truth, it's really been rather slow."

Evelyn B. Feiten.

[*You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.*]

Judge Murphy of the Comic Books

*Nine years on the bench plus three kids
of his own qualify him for the job*

BY WILLIAM M. HEALY
Condensed from *The Sign* *

JUDGE CHARLES F. MURPHY is hard at work on the biggest fumigation campaign in the history of publishing. Thanks to him, comic-book readers will get along from now on without the weird doings of the walking dead, ghouls, cannibals, werewolves, and vampires. And publishers have given up torture scenes, stupid cops, and jokes about racial groups — not just for Lent, but for good.

Judge Murphy, a curly-haired, 44-year-old Irish Catholic, was named official censor of the comics industry last October. A former New York City magistrate, he is now the sole administrator of a code of ethics whereby publishers themselves are rapidly purging their business of objectionable "funnies." Since current comic-book circulation in the

U.S. is close to 60 million a month, Murphy faces a big job.

The ruddy Murphy face has been more solemn since he assumed his new role. He is acutely conscious of his new responsibilities. "I used to be a judge of the living, but now I suppose you could say I'm a judge of the concept of living," Murphy mused not long ago. "I took this job only on condition that I would have a completely free hand. We are following the Hays-office ideal."

The judge has five assistants, and between them they read about 200 comics a month. This isn't as much fun as it might seem, since most of the books today are devoted to gore rather than gags. Murphy and his staff sometimes go for days without cracking a smile.

When the Comic Magazine As-



* Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. February, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

sociation began casting around for a man to police its industry and quell a rising tide of public indignation against comic books, they didn't have to look far. In nine years on the bench, Murphy has handled thousands of juvenile-delinquent cases while spending much of his free time promoting constructive teen-age activities.

As a Catholic father of three children, he has had experience in deciding what constitutes suitable reading for the young. But until he accepted his appointment as code administrator, Judge Murphy knew little about comic books beyond the fact that he regularly threw a certain number out of the house.

Murphy was appalled at the emphasis on brutality he found among the books he first reviewed. Even the advertisements offered readers a convenient means of imitating the comic characters.

"I came across an ad in one of these books offering to sell bull whips for \$3.95 each," says Murphy. "Well, somehow bull whips never got into our code of things not to advertise to children, but I ordered them out anyway."

The code, unanimously adopted by the Comics Magazine Association of America, is a set of *Do's* and *Don't's* for the industry. It specifically forbids scenes of violence, brutal torture, excessive knife and gun play, physical agony, gruesome crimes, sympathetic treat-

At Senate comic-book hearings, a publisher was shown one of his covers. It showed a man holding a bloody ax in one hand and a woman's head in the other. "Is this good taste?" a senator asked. "Yes," the publisher replied. "It would be bad taste if he were holding the head a little higher so that you could see the blood dripping."

ment of criminals, details of crime, nudity, obscenity, treating divorce as desirable, disrespect for parents, and unsympathetic treatment of law-enforcement officials. Publishers are also cautioned to avoid ridiculing race, religion, nationality.

The judge and his staff review comics in the drawing-board stage. If the publisher fails to accept Murphy's editing, he is expelled from the association and thus loses the group's official seal of approval. The seal is stamped on the covers of all acceptable comic books for parents' guidance and also in the hope that newsdealers will refuse to sell books without it.

Murphy has had too much practical experience with adolescent problems to believe that any one factor can be singled out as the sole cause of delinquency. What's more, he is firmly convinced that juveniles aren't the only readers of comic books.

Murphy's early surroundings

might well have led him to the other side of the judicial bench. He was born in a cold-water flat in New York's East 50's, the eldest of four children. Two younger brothers, Raymond and Edwin, and a sister, Margaret, shared the small apartment with their parents, Katherine and Maurice Murphy. The senior Murphy came to America via steerage, and soon started a transportation business. "He had three or four taxis, which I guess you could have called a fleet in those days," Judge Murphy now remembers.

In his father's house, young Charles learned a few things he never forgot. "Dad's steamer trunk was stored in the basement. When we kids reached the mischief stage, he took the strap off the trunk and hung it in a conspicuous place in the kitchen, just as a reminder. As long as it hung there we kids never got too far out of line."

Murphy attended St. Catherine of Siena grammar school, De La Salle institute, and St. John's university in Brooklyn. He was graduated from law school in 1931, a year when unemployment was reaching a new high.

Junior law clerks were taking home about \$14 a week in those days, and Murphy took the first civil-service exam that came along, passed it, and became a city clerk. That same year, an event occurred which Murphy still regards as the

high point in his life. He met Katherine Donnelly at a church dance; they were married within a year.

By 1938, Murphy was assistant New York City corporation counsel. The job brought him into contact with delinquents for the first time in his life.

In 1943, the late Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia approached Murphy and told him he was considering him for a job as his legal adviser. "I'm a Democrat," Murphy reminded the mayor.

"I'm not interested in that," the Little Flower snapped, "What I want is a man who can take abuse." Murphy took the job.

In 1945, LaGuardia appointed Murphy to fill an unexpired vacancy as city magistrate. In 1947 he was reappointed by Mayor O'Dwyer. As magistrate, Murphy had a reputation for tempering justice with mercy. On one occasion he fined a defendant 25¢ "in view of the cost of living these days."

On the day following Thanksgiving, in 1950, an incident occurred which led Magistrate Murphy to embark on a series of youth programs which have kept him busy full time ever since.

A 13-year-old boy who had been picked up for stealing cranberries from a freight car appeared before him. "Why did you do it, son?" Murphy inquired. "Don't you get



The Association's
Seal of Approval

enough to eat when you're home?"

"I get plenty to eat, sir," the boy replied. "I just didn't have anything else to do. The other kids always want to go to the movies, but I didn't go yesterday because I'd rather do things with my hands."

When the boy explained haltingly that a freight car offered a challenge to a skilled woodcutter, Murphy realized that with proper guidance the boy and his knife could be steered into cabinetmaking just as easily as burglary. "I pledged myself that day," he says, "to help other youngsters set worth-while goals and give them the means to attain them."

With the Child Service league of the Borough of Queens, Murphy set up Teen Plan, Inc., a program to "give youngsters the chance to tell someone who's honestly interested what they would like to do when school days are over and, secondly, to give them a foretaste of their chosen vocations."

Murphy got the approval of the Board of Education and the principals of the 16 trade and high schools in the borough, and went into action. Through student organizations, questionnaires asking students about their job interests were distributed.

"The returns were startling," Murphy says. "We found teenagers who had already decided they wanted to be lawyers, doctors, engineers, nurses, and telephone operators, as well as others who

hoped to become policemen, models, baseball players, and even roller skaters. One young fellow wanted to become a yo-yo salesman."

Murphy rolled up his sleeves and enlisted local businessmen, industrialists, and professional people who were willing to spend some of their own time giving the youngsters an insight into their trades and professions. Soon, would-be airline workers were touring International airport, studying traffic control and other jobs. The telephone company showed a group of girls how to operate a switchboard. Other students visited hospitals, factories, and even the health center of a butchers' union.

"Frankly," Murphy admits, "it really isn't important whether they become lawyers, yo-yo salesmen, or nurses. What is important is that they are being encouraged to express their innermost feelings in healthy ways. It does them good to know that adults are really interested in them and their problems." Funds for Teen Plan came out of the Murphy wallet and donations from friends.

By 1952, Murphy had started *Youth Talks It Over*, a weekly radio program. Kids were given a chance to discuss future careers with outside authorities, while Murphy acted as moderator. On other programs, the judge took off his coat and got into gabfests with kids on such subjects as "Dating

"Etiquette" and "Who You Know vs. What You Know."

The program won an award from the Ohio State University Institute for Educational Radio in 1953. During the same week, Murphy acted as moderator in another 15-minute, weekly radio program called *Your City Government*, in which local municipal officials were invited to participate in a no-holds-barred discussion with high-school students.

Both *Youth Talks It Over* and *Teen Plan* were part of Murphy's deep-seated conviction that a teenager's future "must be part of his present." He is convinced that many teen-agers suffer from a "lost" feeling during their formative years, because an adult community looks upon their group as something "presently unnecessary" in the scheme of things.

Murphy says, with considerable emotion, "merely to be a teen-ager these days is in itself a mark of, at the very least, a public nuisance and a community disturbance."

Teen Plan, Inc. and *Youth Talks It Over* are typical of Murphy's positive, practical approach to the delinquency problem. He seldom advocates drastic measures.

Shortly after his appointment as comics code administrator, Murphy appeared on a radio panel discussion of the comic-book problem. One of the panel members was somewhat taken aback when Murphy said he did not intend to

purge the magazines of all reference to crime.

While pointing out that details of criminal operations would be omitted, Murphy insisted that crime is a factor in life which all children become aware of early in life and which therefore should not be eliminated from all literature. "After all, you can't tell a kid a policeman's only job is to hang parking tickets on automobiles," he added.

The Murphy home is in Resurrection-Ascension parish in Rego Park, Queens. Between the 12-hour day which Murphy puts in at the office and the three or four speaking engagements he fills a week, the judge can't spend as much time in it as he would like.

When he does, he brings himself up-to-date on the latest activities of his three children. Maureen, 20, is in training at the Johns Hopkins School of Nursing, Baltimore. Patricia, 15, is a sophomore at the Dominican academy, Manhattan; at present she has her heart set on a veterinarian's career. Neil, 14, known in the family circle as Butch, is a freshman at Brooklyn Prep; he hasn't made up his mind on a career beyond resigning himself to a military hitch.

As for comic books, all three Murphy children seem to have survived a normal interest in them. An interest, of course, which has always been under the watchful eye of Czar Murphy.

Atomic Drugstore

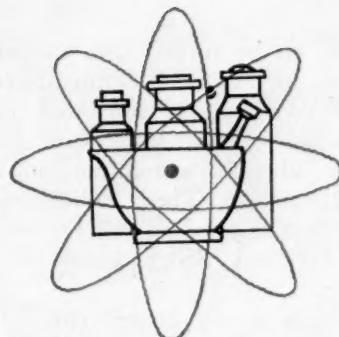
An obscure pharmacy at Oak Ridge
is helping doctors to save
thousands of lives

By JOHN LEAR
Condensed from *Collier's**

Catholics all over the world were heartened last year by news that the life of Cardinal Stepinac, famed prisoner of the Yugoslav communists, had been saved by the use of a rare new radioactive drug. The drug, which was rushed by air from the U.S. to his physicians, came from a unique drugstore at Oak Ridge, Tenn.

THE ATOMIC AGE has been darkened by the shadow of death from the very beginning. So it is nice to know that in Oak Ridge, Tenn., capital city of the atom, a funeral parlor has gone out of business for lack of customers and the quarters are now a place of hope, the site of the first drugstore to dispense exploding atoms as healing and lifesaving medicines.

The plain white structure, tucked behind a low wire fence on a side street, doesn't look like a drugstore. There are no clerks; no customers enter to be waited on. Orders come by telephone, telegraph, and mail from as far away as Argentina and



Switzerland. Deliveries are made by air express.

The stock includes no aspirin tablets, soda mints, cough drops, or any of the other items drugstores usually dispense. Many of its drugs have names few of us have ever heard: cesium, rubidium, yttrium.

Not just any doctor can order them. Of the more than 220,000 physicians registered in the U.S., only about 1,500 have Atomic Energy commission permits to write the required prescriptions. And doses are measured not by grams but by how many millions of atoms disintegrate within one second of time.

The atomic drugstore is a branch of Abbott Laboratories, a regular pharmaceutical firm. It gets the raw ingredients for its medicines from near-by X-10, the Atomic Energy commission's atomic furnace.

In the fuel box of X-10 is the atomic fuel itself (uranium or plutonium). Scattered around the fuel in separate compartments are cartridges filled with other elements

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. Jan. 21, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.,
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ready to be turned into radioisotopes by atomic bombardment. Ordinary iron is converted into radioactive iron, or radioiron; gold into radiogold; chromium into radiochromium. These radioisotopes are then shipped all over the world by the Oak Ridge atomic drugstore.

"This is our atomic cow," the chief apothecary, pink-thatched Geoffrey Gleason, told me. "It is radiostrontium. We feed the radiostrontium a chemical and it gives us radioyttrium milk."

Suspended in the chemical, the decaying radiostrontium filters through a string of mahogany-brown resin beads. As radioyttrium atoms form in the slowly descending solution, they drip at the rate of a few drops a day into a beaker below the transparent column.

"Science can no more tell when an individual atom will decay than a doctor can predict when a particular person will die," Gleason explained. "But we all know that most people do die by a certain age. And atomic scientists know that half the atoms in a given radioisotope will decay within a given time. We call this time a half life."

Gleason's "atomic cow" gives only a few drops of radioyttrium milk a day because the radiostrontium it springs from has a half life of 20 years. At the end of those 20 years, half of the radiostrontium will still be left, and in 20 more

years, half of that half will be gone. Radioyttrium survives a much shorter time. Its half life is 65 hours.

All the while, sparks of energy are being thrown off. Although they are invisible, these millions of twinkles can be felt and counted by scientific instruments. The fleeing energy of some elements is as harmless as the fiery snowflakes of a Fourth-of-July sparkler.

The Oak Ridge drugstore sells these harmless radioisotopes for use as diagnostic "dog tags." Injected into animals or humans, they serve as tracers whose reports on conditions within the body can be picked up by medical Geiger counters. The escaping sparks of other radioisotopes, gold and cobalt, for example, stab with deadly effect. They are the destroyers of cancer.

Unlike the usual small-town druggist, who knows how his prescriptions affect the people in his neighborhood, Gleason rarely hears the outcome of his ministrations. He was consequently cheered to read the testimony of Dr. Seymour Kety, of the National Institutes of Health. Dr. Kety told a Congressional committee that thousands of lives and millions of dollars have been saved by only one of the many uses of radioisotopic tags—in the preservation and transfusion of blood.

Throughout the Korean war, radioiodinated albumin was air expressed to the fighting front. There

it was transfused in tiny amounts into the veins of wounded soldiers. Within minutes, Geiger-counter checks on a blood sample told how many pints of blood a man had left and how many more he needed to survive.

Radiochromate was flown to the Newport, R. I., naval hospital after the aircraft carrier *Bennington* caught fire last spring, killing 103 men and severely burning scores of others. Radiochromate, when transfused into the blood, is grabbed by the red cells and held as long as the cells live. Red cells exhaust themselves rapidly in trying to feed oxygen to tissues that are fighting suffocation from bad burns. From the radiochromate, doctors got news of how the battle was going. When the news was bad, blood transfusions could be made in time.

America's 1.6 million diabetics stand to benefit from a new discovery in which the atomic drug-store played a part. One of its tagged hormones, insulin, was used by two University of Pittsburgh scientists, Dr. Arthur I. Mirsky and Gladys Perisutti, to uncover an enzyme of the liver. The scientists called the new substance insulinase because it destroys insulin. Since diabetes is caused by a shortage of natural insulin, insulinase may be the long-sought secret of that affliction. Hence, a cure for diabetes, as opposed to mere control by repeated insulin injections, be-

comes a possibility for the future.

Since billions of telltale atoms are disintegrating in every one of the pharmacy's bottles every second, you might suppose that the perils of unseen radiation could be braved only by a force of robots. But the laboratory staff consists of 15 very lively young men and women.

Because everyone calls everyone else by his first name, the only distinguishing mark of manager Jeff Gleason is a wild-flowered *aloha* shirt peeping from under his long white laboratory coat. This blinding raiment disguises a quiet, mild-mannered man.

At every opportunity, Gleason drags his lean frame into an empty corner to wrestle forth such wonders of atomic chemistry as radioactive thyroxin (the hormone the thyroid gland sends through our bodies to keep us moving), and radiotagged gamma globulin (the blood fraction which immunizes us against specific diseases). Behind his contented back, the fast mail-order machinery clicks smoothly along under the even hand of stubby, affable Richard Leitner.

"The real trick of this business," Leitner told me, "is to buy just the right amount of the radioactive chemicals. We must keep enough on hand to fill prescriptions, yet not enough for time to gobble our profits."

Radiocopper, for example, is used to study a rare nervous dis-

ease. The demand for it is not great. Only a little can be stocked at one time. But every 13 hours that little is reduced by half.

Keeping exactly the right supply of such flighty elements is like holding onto a greased pig. Leitner does it with mystifying success.

Since the temperamental, custom-built chemicals in X-10 can be extracted only once a week, when the atomic "furnace" shuts down to shake out clinkers at dawn on Mondays, he must order the radioisotopes he wants at least a week in advance.

Which amounts of what will be needed on the Monday after next? Leitner tots mentally in tune with the teletype which rattles orders from 20 branch offices of Abbott Laboratories across the country.

As fast as they come in, the prescriptions are relayed by squawk box by teletype attendant Ruth Felker.

"Dick," Ruth will call, "can Dr. Asper have some iodine for use on Monday morning?"

The name of Dr. Sam G. Asper, of Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore, is one of a number that have become familiar to all in the store. Along with men like Dr. Solomon Silver of Mount Sinai hospital in New York, Dr. Henry L. Jaffe of Los Angeles, and a growing number of others, he is helping to perfect a treatment that may prove good news to persons suffering from heart disease.

In the past, "atomic cocktails" of radioiodine have been drunk to combat hyperthyroidism and thyroid cancer. Now a "heart cocktail" is being developed by Dr. Jaffe. It, too, is of radioiodine, but in small doses. These slow down the secretions of the thyroid. It lowers the speed of the whole body so that an overworked heart finds it easier to keep up with its pumping job. By last June, 48 clinics had tried the "cocktail" in 1,070 cases with marked success.

Compounds of radioiodine have been developed that can locate brain tumors or map cancers in the liver (the only vital organ which cannot be X-rayed). They can also determine whether gall bladder trouble is due to gallstones, and provide an amazingly quick and simple basal-metabolism test (the patient just swallows a radioactive capsule).

Radiocobalt needles and threads are being used right now for treatment of cancers in the chest and abdomen.

Radiophosphorus reduces excessive accumulation of red cells in the blood. That was the drug that saved the life of Cardinal Stepinac, who suffers from that condition. Radiogold colloid, one of the atomic drugstore's most-sought-after items, was developed by Dr. Paul Hahn at Vanderbilt university for certain types of tumor therapy.

"Dick," Ruth will say over the squawk box, "Dr. Wallace in Har-

risburg would like some phosphorus for use tomorrow morning. Is it okay?" Or, "Dick, can we give Dr. Elkins in Iowa City some gold for Monday?"

Dick says Yes or No to the orders, depending on available supplies, and the answers go right back on the teletype. If he doesn't recognize the name of the doctor who signs the wire, Dick asks Ruth to check it. New doctors can get on the AEC list (it has grown from 300 since the drugstore opened) only by acquiring experience under men already trained in atomic medicine.

In filling prescriptions, the atomic druggist must remember that part of the medicine will disappear between the time it is bottled and the time the doctor uses it.

Not even the bills that go out from the drugstore are uniform. Radioisotopes intended to fight cancer are sold at an 80% discount, and the AEC reimburses Abbott.

Few outward signs betray the complexities of the atomic drugstore's labs, which are isolated by glass walls. There is nothing remotely resembling a leaden cave. Red rubber gloves are the closest anyone comes to an atom-repellent suit. The emergency regulations boil down to one rule: "If anything unexpected happens, act immediately or get out. Don't stand there and think."

There are, of course, the Geiger-

counter monitors usual to all atomic installations. Everyone also wears a film badge, which gives evidence of exposure to radioactive danger. Flasks are shielded by small hoods of lead bricks. The white-frocked quartet who keep the labs going, Gil Young, Charles Estep, Charles White, and George Dagley, do handle drugs with metal arms, fingers, and tongs.

But the laboratory staff are amazingly nonchalant. Every afternoon, the control expert, Evelyn Skelton, measures the millions of atomic disintegrations as calmly as though she were threading sewing needles. Her casualness is twice deceptive, for the place is alive with other activity besides radioactivity.

Stan Helton is on his knees cutting sheet lead into strips to nest the drug bottles when they are sealed into cans. Homer O'Dell checks the air-delivery routes. The office girls, Adeline Owen, Sara Parnell, Betty Wallace, and Aileen Willis, fill out the bills of lading and the shipping stickers, which proclaim: Rush: Emergency Medicine.

Every prescription received by 3 p.m. on a given day is on its way by sunset. Barring accident or bad weather, the farthest domestic shipment will reach its destination by the following noon; most will arrive before 9 a.m.

Dr. Donalee L. Tabern of Abbott created the atomic drugstore practically singlehanded, yet the

idea did not start with Dr. Tabern.

Dr. John Lundy, then chief of anesthesia at the Mayo clinic, had made the original clinical use of Pentothal, the first intravenous anesthetic. He wanted to know how Pentothal worked. Although radioisotopes then, in the early 1940's, were only freak offspring of the atom smashers, he foresaw their future value as medical tracers.

He asked Dr. Tabern, the Abbott research chemist who developed Pentothal, to tag the drug with radiosulfur. Dr. Tabern made radio-Pentothal, and refined other radioisotopes. He organized a one-man special research department inside the Abbott firm.

The AEC desperately wanted reliable atomic drugs to administer to patients in its hospital. A block

away and across the street from the hospital in Oak Ridge was the abandoned funeral parlor. Would Abbott Laboratories lease it from the AEC and move in? Abbott would, and did.

The atomic drugstore filled its first prescription on July 9, 1952. Its trade has doubled each year since.

Plans are now in the works to triple the floor space by next summer, and it seems inevitable to AEC officials I have talked to that other atomic drugstores must soon rise.

The 1955 edition of the *U.S. Pharmacopoeia*, the American family doctor's bible of reliable drugs, may prove prophetic. That volume lists an atomic medicine, Abbott's radioiodine, for the first time in history.

-3 &-

Flights of Fancy

The clouds joined hands and ran away.
B. O. Suther

Waves relentlessly shampooing the shores.
Morris Bender

Prune: worried plum.
Fulton J. Sheen

The sun beginning to yawn and stretch a little after five.
Betty Macdonald

Sunday driving: creeping up with the Joneses.
Luke Neely

Front lawn tied up with picket fence.
Mary Lovering

Fireflies dimming their lights at an oncoming moon.
LeRoy J. Hebert

Walking like an arthritic flamingo.
Thomas N. Riley

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Food, Warmth, and Friendship

Ingredients of a recipe for sick souls

By CATHERINE DOHERTY
Condensed from *Guideposts**

A BIG MAN stood in the doorway of our office, and asked gruffly, "Are you Christians?" Stunned, all of us looked up from our desks. Someone said, "We try to be."

"Prove it," the man said. "My wife is sick. We have seven kids. If I look after them, I haven't time to hunt for a job."

"We will help you," I said.

"How? With prayers and preaching?"

"Some prayers, yes," I said, "but no preaching. We'll all be much too busy working."

With that, several of us gathered mops, brooms, children's clothes, and food. I told the man, "Take us home with you now."

For two weeks we kept the house clean, cared for the children, followed the doctor's instructions with the sick mother, and had dinner ready when

the father returned from his job hunting. After he found work, and when the mother was well, we left the family to itself.

Not once did we mention religion. But we took God into the family's home with us, and when at last we departed, we knew that He would always be there. The family knew it, too.

This is our crusade. We who work at Friendship House know how easily a hungry man's heart turns away from God. That is why we have dedicated ourselves to the poor. That is why we have become poor ourselves.

I had been raised in a wealthy, aristocratic Russian home. Overnight the Bolshevik revolution wiped out all we owned, all we were. The peasants from our estates drove us from our home with clubs and pitch-



*Carnegie Bldg., 345 E. 46th St., New York City 17. February, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

forks. From a life of luxury, I, who had been a baroness, turned to hunting for food in alleys and refuse piles, to eating dogs, cats, and rats.

That was when I learned how some fallen people, whatever they were once, forget God at the hour they need Him most. When circumstances force you to live like an animal, concerned only with food and warmth, you can become hardened and spiritually desolate.

Friends, and one faithful old servant, helped me escape from Russia. I came to New York, where I found work as a laundress at \$8 a week. America was then gripped by the depression.

Later, in Toronto, I saw the same apathy. It was there, one night in 1930, that Friendship House was born. Six of us had become aware of an alarming crisis: communists were giving food and clothes to the poor, finding them jobs, paying their rent. In return, the poor were turning to communism with dangerous fervor. Kindness which should have been offered in God's name was being used against Him.

Realizing this, we six that night dedicated ourselves to the poor, to return them to God, by becoming part of them. We quit our jobs, sold all we owned, and gave the money to the poor; we opened a two-room headquarters from which to work; and the doors are never closed.

Four years later, 700 children were being cared for, and we had fed and housed 40,000 unemployed men. We worked in private homes; nursed the sick; found jobs for impoverished fathers. Though we made a point of never preaching, we tried to let our lives be our sermons.

Later, I went to Harlem in New York City to start another Friendship House, and arrived with only \$3 in my pocket. The communists were there before me—with thousands of dollars.

News about us spread through Harlem. The more that was demanded of Friendship House, the more we found could be done.

If the communists were winning converts, so were we. When we learned of a communist rally anywhere, we attended and fought the enemy on his own battleground. People we helped came to help us later. Not only did the poor return to offer their talents to their fellow men, but well-off people, who grasped the importance of our work, joined our world of voluntary poverty.

More houses were opened in Chicago; Washington, D.C.; Portland, Ore.; Shreveport, La. Always we went where the poor would be, for we knew the communists would be there, preying upon them. We prayed for and with the poor. On seven occasions, our Friendship Houses closed near-by communist headquarters.

But Friendship Houses are meant to achieve more than to defeat God's enemies. We seek to win Him friends.

One such victory stands out in my mind. Into our Toronto house one wintry night stumbled a young man, sick and hungry. We fed him and he asked what we expected him to do in return.

"Nothing," I told him. "We hope you'll be able to stay until you find a job."

His attitude was cynical. One day, he said, "I think I'll go around to the communist meeting. Do you care?"

"Of course I care," I said, "but do whatever you wish. I warn you, though, I'll be praying for you."

He attended several such meet-

ings but never discussed them. Meanwhile, he ignored all religious activities at the house. Then, on Christmas eve, we were busy readying a party for 600 orphans and were late as we hurried out to midnight Mass. The young man appeared.

"I've got you a present," he said, and then walked away.

An hour later, as I stood waiting to take my place at the Communion rail, I felt someone nudge me. It was the young man, moving with the others to receive Communion.

"Merry Christmas," he whispered.

He had come back to God on his own. There could be no greater gift.

Widow's Might

Dear Father:

The enclosed \$10 is for spreading Americanism in Latin America.

Would a loan of \$500, without interest, be of help to you? I have saved it for future medical care. I am past 60 and I have suffered from high blood pressure for 30 of those years. I still continue to work and expect to continue at least till 1957.

I carry medical and hospital insurance, so the \$500 is only in reserve against a prolonged illness. So you are welcome to it for at least three years. It may help to apply anti-communist influence when and where needed.

Let me know by return mail, if you would like to have it.

E.C.F.
Wichita, Kansas

Not since the widow's mite has there been such generosity; and never before in 20 years has THE CATHOLIC DIGEST been so complimented. We cannot, of course, accept the loan, but we will readily accept gifts from persons less unfortunate to promote the Spanish-language edition of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST in Latin America.

Send your gift to the Catholic Digest Foundation, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minn.



Eight-Hour Orphans

Mrs. Dye of Los Angeles has no vacancies in her 51-unit apartment building

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES
Condensed from *The Voice of St. Jude**

THE OLD WOMAN Who Lived in a Shoe spanked her unruly brood of children and sent them to bed. Mrs. Mary Ellen Dye could have shown her how to feed, educate, entertain, and effectively manage a regiment of 50 lively moppets for eight hours a day, five days a week, year after year, and still retain her sanity, attractiveness, and good humor. Mrs. Dye has been doing just that for 20 years and is still going strong.

Mrs. Dye owns and manages Gale Manor, an apartment house in a residential district near downtown Los Angeles. To qualify for tenancy in the 51-unit building, applicants must be parents of at least one small child. If the apartment seekers happen to have three, four, or five offspring, their rating with Mrs. Dye increases in the same ratio.

Gale Manor's humane policy has solved a perplexing problem for half a hundred families with small children. Many of these families face the dilemma of finding a place where their progeny would be wel-

come, and at the same time providing for the youngsters' care during the day, since both parents work.

About two-thirds of Mrs. Dye's tenants are complete families—that is, husband, wife, and child or children. Most of the families have a husband-wife business partnership; both must work together to build up the family enterprise until the business can afford to hire outside help.

The remaining third are incomplete families—widows or widowers with children. Without Mrs. Dye, these parents, all in modest circumstances, would have a hard time caring properly for their children while earning their support at the same time.

Mrs. Dye got the idea of playing mother to eight-hour orphans in 1933, when she was operating a rooming house in Tacoma, Washington. The owner adhered strictly to a positively-no-children policy.

"It hurt me so much to turn away worried, distraught parents searching for a place to live—people whose only fault was that

*221 W Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill. January, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Claretian Missionary Fathers, and reprinted with permission.

they loved their children and found it necessary to work for them.

"I myself was a widow with a small son. I knew how difficult it could be to play the double role of parent and provider even under favorable conditions. When you had the added problem of not being able to find a place to live, simply because your children might damage the property, it was too much," Mrs. Dye explained.

"I thought it over and came up with what seemed like a happy solution: why not specialize in catering exclusively to this type of tenant? Why not provide a well-managed parent-child home for working parents and their children only? The mere fact that they are trying to establish a wholesome family life for themselves and their children, and are willing to work all day to support them, seemed to me to make such citizens top-grade risks as tenants."

As her project developed, Mrs. Dye expanded it to include a nursery school right on the premises. Since she already was an accredited primary-school teacher, Mrs. Dye felt sure that she could operate such an establishment successfully.

She moved to Los Angeles, scraped together enough capital to start, and leased a large old furnished house in a centrally located section. Within a few days after she put out her "Apartments for Rent, Children Welcome" sign, the place was filled.

As Los Angeles grew industrially, so did the demand for family housing.

Then, Mrs. Dye decided that to render the greatest service, she must have more space. She bought Gale Manor, a modern five-story brick-and-concrete building with landscaped grounds spacious enough for a play area.

During the 17 years since she moved her home-nursery school to the present address, there always has been a long waiting list of applicants. She has never advertised. Former residents of 17 states are living in Gale Manor, as well as two families from Canada and two from South America.

Mrs. Dye receives pleading letters every day from many parts of the U.S., Canada, South America, and even Cuba, from families asking to be put on the waiting list. Telegrams come every week, and long-distance phone calls for reservations have been received from New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Toronto, and Columbus, Ohio—all in the same afternoon.

The interior of Gale Manor is arranged to fit the special needs of the children. The upper four floors are divided into conventional apartments. Walls and woodwork are painted and papered in washable plastic finish, to make crayon masterpieces of embryonic Rembrandts easy to remove. Stairs and floors are skidproof, and bannisters, likewise, to discourage sliding.

The ground floor is entirely given over to children. Here are nursery rooms, kindergarten and play rooms, kitchen and commissary hall. The children get lunches and afternoon snacks. Outside is a playground with slides, swings, and picnic area.

Mrs. Dye no longer tries to do everything herself, as in the early days. She employs five trained teachers and nursery-school attendants, together with a staff of kitchen help and other household workers.

The working day begins at 6:30 A.M., when parents begin to arrive downstairs with their offspring. By 9 A.M., the six-and-seven-year-olds are busy in their kindergarten and nursery classes, and the slightly older children have been escorted to school. The very young, from 11 months to five years, have had their orange juice and, weather permitting, are playing in the yard under the eye of the playground teachers.

At noon, everyone has lunch in the sunny commissary hall. Then comes the daily nap, after which the afternoon play is begun. By 6 P.M., homecoming parents reclaim their children on the way upstairs to their apartments, and the teaching staff and kitchen help go home. Mrs. Dye can then relax until after dinner, when she tackles the myriad management details of running a large apartment house.

Mrs. Dye receives \$50 a month

for each child in addition to rent. When she began the service, she charged only \$15 a month, but costs have since skyrocketed.

Mrs. Dye had expected that damage to furniture and woodwork would exceed that in apartment houses where children are banned. But she declares that maintenance and repairs run slightly less, on the average.

"We never have to worry about wild parties, spilled drinks or cigarette burns on the furniture or carpets," she explained. "Our tenants work hard, and a house full of little children doesn't appeal to the all-night-partying type of tenant, even if we'd tolerate them, which, of course, we wouldn't."

Of the thousands of "wards" Mrs. Dye has mothered, she can recall none who got into serious trouble in later life.

Parents are sometimes a trial, though, she admits. Several years ago, Mrs. Dye was summoned to the apartment of a mother of a five-year-old boy who had a passion for improving wallpaper designs, using any kind of colored liquid available, preferably indelible.

"I'm moving tomorrow!" the mother informed Mrs. Dye indignantly, pointing to the walls. "You should keep this place in better repair. There just isn't any room left for Johnny to draw on!" Happily, such tenants are rare.

Among the 51 apartments of Gale Manor, one is occupied not

by a family with children but by a widower who has been a tenant since the day Mrs. Dye took over the building. At that time, the man qualified for tenancy, since he had a young son. The boy is now attending college in the East, but the father has been allowed to remain in the apartment he has lived in for 17 years.

"We didn't plan it that way," admits Mrs. Dye, "but this excep-

tion to our policy will not exist much longer. The young man wrote to his father recently, announcing that he'll be married on graduation day in June. He wants his dad to keep the apartment 'warm' for him for a year or so until he can come back home and reoccupy his childhood apartment. Then he won't have to ask me to break the rule against childless tenants again."

* * *

The Men in Blue

BILLY EVANS, one of the most colorful of umpires, likes to tell about the time he called a close decision against the White Sox in Chicago that resulted in the Sox losing the game. The next morning, Evans strolled into a barber shop for a shave. The barber began sharpening his razor.

Just as he was ready to start, the barber said, "I wish I had that ump who called that bum play yesterday in my chair. I'd cut his throat."

Evans jumped up, grabbed his hat and coat and was gone in a flash. "I've been using a safety razor ever since," he says.

* * *

UMPIRES ARE notoriously stubborn. Often, with rain coming down or night falling, they'll insist that the game continue. One day, this happened in a Cleveland-New York game. Pitching for the Indians was Bob Feller, then a wild young rookie. As Lefty Gomez of the Yankees stepped up to the plate he casually told the umpire that the game should be called because of darkness.

"Keep playing," bawled the umpire.

Gomez took out a match and lit it.

"What's the big idea," sneered the man in blue. "Can't you see Feller?"

"Sure I can," explained Gomez. "I just want to be sure that Feller can see me."

* * *

BILLY EVANS was particularly fast on repartee. Once a star hitter, after being called out on strikes, turned to Evans and complained, "Billy, you sure missed that one."

"Maybe I did," replied Evans, "but I wouldn't have missed it if I'd had a bat in my hands."

Henry Morris.

Jo Mielziner: Artist of Broadway

His grandfather was a learned rabbi, his father a distinguished portrait painter, and his counselor was Bishop Sheen

By MILTON LOMASK

Condensed from *The Sign**

JO MIELZINER is the man who designed the sets for such top Broadway productions as *South Pacific* and *The Glass Menagerie*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* with John Gielgud, and Johnny Mercer's *Top Banana* with Phil Silvers. He designed and lighted *The King and I*, *Winterset*, and *Point of No Return*.

Yet, Mielziner says that if he had his working life to live over, "I doubt if I'd do a single stage setting." It's not that he doesn't love the theater. He loves another field more. "If I were starting from scratch," he says, "I'd study church architecture, church structure, and décor. Then I'd devote my work to the liturgical arts.

"As a matter of fact, I may take a whack at liturgical art yet. Not tomorrow, mind you. Say ten or 12 years from now, after the kids have grown up and I no longer have to keep my nose to the grindstone."

As Mielziner sees it, liturgical art is the most challenging field



open to today's artist. "Most American churches," he says, "are desperately in need of the honest artist's touch. In the Old World, those responsible for building the holy places grow up in a tradition of beauty and good taste. They would never dream of junking up a church with outsized dime-store statues or carnival gimcrack. But in this country!" Mielziner sighs. "It's painful to see so much money lavished on so much ugliness."

Mielziner (pronounced Mel-zeener) speaks as an artist and a convert. And in a sense, he inherited both his art and his religious bent.

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. January, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

His father, Leo Mielziner, was a distinguished portrait painter. One of his works hangs in New York's Metropolitan, another in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. His grandfather was Rabbi Moses Mielziner, a Talmudic scholar, second president of the Hebrew Union college in Cincinnati and one of the founders of Reformed Judaism.

When Jo Mielziner became a Catholic in 1936, his father was pleased. "Since you cannot stay with the religion of your ancestors," he told his son, "I'm glad you're going into a real one. I have only one request. As long as you live, take pride in your Jewish heritage. There are many things in it that we can be proud of."

Jo Mielziner was born in Paris in 1901. He spent his formative years almost exclusively among intellectuals. His father had a studio on the Left Bank, and his mother was a correspondent for *Vogue*. By the time he was four, Jo was holding forth at his mother's parties, uttering his opinions on contemporary art.

When Jo was eight, the family moved to New York City. There, some of the ruder facts of life gradually impressed themselves upon him. One was that although father was an artist and mother a writer the family financial status was low. In his early teens, Jo found himself brooding on the age-old question of how to eat while becoming an artist.

Mother suggested that he learn how to do stage sets. Then he could earn his keep designing scenery while serving his apprenticeship as an easel painter.

Jo scanned the classified ads, but the nearest thing he could find to set designing was an opening for sign painters. He promptly presented himself at the office of the sign-painting company. Whether the boss ever looked at the sketches he offered, Jo no longer recalls. He did look at Jo, rather stonily, and inquired, "Do you understand rigging?"

Jo didn't, but he said he did.

The man sent Jo to a tall building to which workmen were attaching advertising billboards. The foreman, a Mr. Sullivan, asked, "Can you tie off?"

Jo couldn't, but he said he could. Sullivan pointed to the platform of a painter's scaffolding suspended from the building 11 floors above. "Hop to it," said Sullivan. Jo hopped, up to the roof and down, via rope, to the swaying platform, and looked fearfully about.

"Tie her off," someone yelled below. Jo saw that the command came from a workman who was holding the two lines that held the platform steady.

The phrase, Jo surmised, had something to do with the ropes, so grabbing the only loose strand in sight, he gave it a tug. It was a serious mistake! Assuming that the platform was now secured, the

workman below let go of the control lines. The scaffolding tilted crazily.

When Jo was hauled to safety, Sullivan delivered a lecture on the danger of pretending to know things you didn't. And Jo found himself another job, as a file clerk.

Nevertheless, he was determined to become an artist. A few months later, sketches he made in his father's studio won him a scholarship to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Today, reminiscing on the terrace of his white farmhouse in Newtown, Conn., Mielziner traces two of the large movements of his life, his work and conversion, to that event.

Receipt of the scholarship called for a family huddle. Jo's parents were of two minds about it. If he took the scholarship, it would mean abandoning his studies at the Ethical Culture school in New York. Both the elder Mielziners were strong believers in a well-rounded education. On the other hand, they recognized the advantages of concentrating on art.

In the end, they compromised. Jo was permitted to enter the academy in Philadelphia in return for his promise to spend his spare time reading the classics. One book he read, not once but often, was G. K. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*, an exposition of the Catholic faith.

For the next several years, Mielziner studied scene design and painting in this country and Eu-

rope. By the time he had served his theatrical apprenticeship, first with the Bonstelle Stock company in Detroit and then with the Theater Guild in New York, he was ready to settle for stage designing as a career.

One Sunday in 1935, a friend took him to Mass at the big Paulist church on New York's Columbus Ave. The priest who spoke that morning was Father (now Bishop) Fulton J. Sheen.

Mielziner no longer recalls which of Father Sheen's words struck an answering chord. He only remembers that he lost no time getting in touch with him. In the following six months of instruction, Father Sheen and Jo encountered only one serious obstacle. As an artist, the disciplinary requirements of the Church struck Mielziner at first glance as abridging intellectual freedom.

Father Sheen did not argue with his pupil. He merely asked him, "And are there no limitations which you find it necessary to observe in your own work?"

Mielziner thought that over. He saw that there were indeed limitations.

There was the limitation of space. A scene designer may be asked to create an impression of something close to infinity on what is after all only a platform some 40 feet wide and 26 feet deep.

There are the limitations imposed by the author of the play.

The scene designer cannot regard his setting as a one-man art exhibit. His job is to devise each set so as to make more clear the basic intent of the dramatist.

Finally, there are the limitations of art itself. There are, after all, only so many colors, and only so many tools, each capable of being made to do only so many things.

It came to Mielziner that in this respect art is a reflection of life itself. The limitations inherent in the nature and purpose of the human being are not restrictions on his freedom but merely the conditions under which he exists. Every man makes his choice. He observes these inherent limitations, and so freely works out his destiny within them. Or he flouts them and runs the risk of losing the freedom they make possible.

Mielziner is today not the only member of his family in the Church. His wife, whom he married in 1938, is also a convert, and they have adopted three children, Michael, 16; Neil, 15; and Jennifer Ann, 12.

Mrs. Jo Mielziner, the former Jeanne Macintyre, was born and brought up in Hawaii, where her parents were Congregational missionaries. In the 1930's, Miss Macintyre came to New York to become a stage and radio actress, and it was while she was appearing in a Broadway production that she and Jo met and married.

Some years ago, a young play-

wright brought Mielziner a script dealing with the shady side of life among American service men. "It was an amusing play," Jo says, "but the author had assumed that to give it an authentic military flavor he had to sprinkle the dialogue with some pretty vulgar expressions.

"I suggested deletions, and with each succeeding rewrite, a few more of the offensive words were dropped. The time came, however, when I saw that if I made any further suggestions along that line, I would be viewed as an outsider, and my value as a scene designer to the forthcoming production would be lost."

At length the play reached Broadway. It made a hit with the audience. But it made no hit in the office of the censor of the Archdiocese of New York. The rating was *C*—for *Condemned*.

The playwright was hurt. "How come?" he asked Mielziner. "After all the words I threw out!"

"Apparently you didn't throw out enough," said Mielziner. "Look, how much of the real meaning of your play hinges on the offensive words you left in? To what extent are your situations and your comedy and your plot dependent upon them? What would happen if you took them *all* out?"

The playwright said he didn't know.

"Try it," suggested Mielziner. Somewhat to Jo's surprise, he did.

Before long, he brought around a new version of the comedy, free from off-color language. Mielziner says, "It was one of the funniest and most delightful scripts I ever read." And the new script made a bigger hit than the first one.

"We mustn't kill the truly creative minds in the theater, of course," Mielziner says. "None of them would give offense deliberately, but many dramatists have no idea of what it is to be offended by the crude or thoughtless misuse of our Lord's name. Our job is to make them understand that millions do find this objectionable."

Mielziner is something of a backstage missionary, although he would be the first to deny it. He is a modest man, unpretentious, physically on the stocky side, with dark eyes, prominent and sensitive lips.

As things go in the American theater, the \$30,000 he averages yearly is modest. People who know the theater well say he could make five times as much if he wished to take on apprentices and merely lend his name and ideas to the work. Mielziner has never done so.

Today, as in the past, he works with a staff of three: John Harvey, his assistant for the last nine years; Warren Clymer, a young apprentice, recently graduated from the drama department of the University of Iowa; and his secretary, Mrs. Mary Brady. His four-room studio behind the thick, locked doors of a building on New York's W. 72nd

St. is calm and orderly, a far cry from the hubbub of Broadway.

Wonders are wrought in it. To a person who knows the stage only from a theater seat, the work that goes into the creation of a Broadway set is incredible. Forty or 50 rough sketches for each scene, each with a detailed notation on how the lighting is to be produced, add up to only the beginning. Then comes a set of rigidly scaled designs for the scene painters and another set for the producer. Then come scaled models made of wood and plastic and wire; and finally exact architect's blueprints. Somewhere along the line every fabric is tested under different colored lights.

Those who saw Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* were no doubt impressed with the skill of the designer in giving the effect of many locales on what was for all practical purposes only one set. As a matter of fact, the play as originally written called for some 40 sets. It was Mielziner who reduced them to one, even though his changes required some re-writing of the script.

Mielziner has worked for nearly every top producer. One of them recently said, "Few men have made more important contributions to the American stage." Not the least of them is the way in which he has infused his work with the spirit of his adopted Catholic faith.

Green Candles Of Hope

*A Christmas custom
becomes a symbol of
eventual resurrection*

By DR. BELA FABIAN*

IN THE SPRING of 1952, school inspectors toured the schools of Hungary. Such visits are not extraordinary. The Communist party has failed to conquer the souls and minds of the adults; their hopes, therefore, lie in the new generation. Teachers and pupils alike dread and loath visiting school inspectors, who might hand in unfavorable reports if they find that the teachers failed to saturate the youngsters' minds with communist propaganda.

This time, however, shortly before Easter, the school inspectors were dripping with kindness and friendliness. They even omitted their routine questions: "To whom does the Hungarian nation owe its freedom?" and "Who are our benefactors and brethren, our pledge for a better future?" They appeared more relaxed, assumed an avuncular role, and praised the teacher's methods and the children's progress.

Before leaving, one school inspector, all smiles, said to the children: "I was very pleased with you today. I feel that you deserve a special treat. Those of you who like candy, raise their hands."

In Hungary, formerly a land of milk and honey, candy has become rare. Little wonder, then, that the children raised their hands unanimously; some even jumped upon benches, to make sure that they wouldn't be left out.

"Fine," said the school inspector. "I don't see anyone here who dislikes candy. Well then, go down on your knees, fold your hands in prayer, and pray to God that he fulfill your wish and send you candy."

The children did as they were told, and in chorus they recited after their teacher: "Oh Lord, who art in heaven, look down upon us little children, and send us each a box of candy."

"You may all sit down," the inspector motioned. "Wait and be good, and you'll see what will happen."

The children sat in silent expectation for quite a while, but no candy fell from heaven. At the first signs of restlessness, the inspector stepped forward, and declared: "I am sorry, children, that God has not listened to your prayer, and has sent you no candy. Do you know why? Because there is no God. How can a God who doesn't exist send you candy? I suggest that

*Author of *Cardinal Mindszenty*, Charles Scribner & Sons, New York City. 207 pp. \$2.75.

you all stand up, fold your hands, and ask your kind Uncle Rákosi to fulfill your wish."

The children once more recited in chorus the teacher's words: "Dear Uncle Rákosi, your little friends beg you to send us candy."

The children hardly had time to sit down before the doors of the classroom were thrown wide open, and large baskets heaped full of boxes of candy were carried in.

This effective object lesson was followed by a more bitter one shortly after the Easter holidays. This time, the school inspectors brought portable phonographs along. "Today, we'll listen to some nice music, instead of studying. Aren't you glad? We'll combine fun with something useful. Now, this is also a kind of competition. The one who recognizes the most tunes will receive a reward. So raise your hands promptly as soon as you hear a song which is familiar to you."

The first record was that of an old Hungarian folk song:

*The rooster crows again;
Dawn will come again;
In a year or two
We shall be free again.*

The first bars of this song are used as theme song in the Hungarian broadcasts of Radio Free Europe. The inspector, therefore, immediately knew that the parents of pupils who recognized this tune habitually listened to this station.

The first record was followed by religious music, such as the *Ave Maria*, Protestant hymns, or ancient Hebrew prayers. Thus were detected the children who came from homes in which religion was still being practiced. Parents of such children who happened to be Communist-party members were immediately expelled from the party.

These episodes, which took place at Easter time, were but two in the powerful antireligious campaign, launched in all Iron Curtain countries by Moscow in 1949. In 1951, the Communists tried to abolish another great symbol of the Christian faith: Christmas.

People were barred from celebrating Christmas; however (mainly because of the children), the communists did not dare to go so far as to prohibit Christmas trees. Christmas, therefore, was renamed the Festival of the Fir Tree, and the date of the festival advanced from Dec. 25 to Jan. 1. Christmas presents, considered customs of a reactionary way of life, were likewise prohibited.

The people behind the Iron Curtain know that open resistance against orders is futile. Yet they have acquired skill in outwitting the regime. They now celebrate the "Festival of the Fir Tree," by lighting a single green candle on their trees.

They chose green because green is the color of hope. They want to

feel that they are no longer abandoned. As one letter says, "It won't always remain as it is now."

The custom of lighting a green candle is no longer confined to Christmas. The hopeful now place a single green candle on their tables at Easter. They call it the candle of hope and resurrection.

Iron Curtain refugees are spreading the idea of the green candle of hope all over the free world. They say, "We who live in freedom shall retain our freedom; those who have lost their freedom shall regain their freedom."

Our lives are governed by symbols. This is even more true in times of persecution. The primitive drawings of the lamb, the fish, and the cross, scratched on the walls of the Roman catacombs, were the symbols of unfailing faith and hope. In the 2nd World War, Churchill's *V* sign for Victory, and the first theme of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* (the BBC's interval sign) became symbols of hope not only for the Allies, but perhaps even more for the oppressed peoples of Europe. The green candle is such a symbol, too.

I know that many people who read about conditions on the other side of the Iron Curtain clench their fists in indignation. They are

overcome by feelings of helplessness and frustration. They would like to come to the help of their oppressed brethren; however, they don't know how. Yet it is simple.

I suggest that when Easter comes you put a green candle on your table, in a prominent place in your home. Explain to your friends what the green candle stands for, and ask them to light one, too.

Tell them that every green candle which is being lit in the homes of those privileged to live in a free country offers hope to some despairing heart. It conveys a silent message of sympathy: "Do not lose courage, you are not forsaken."

The feelings of loneliness and abandonment are hardest to bear. The darkest hours are those in which no outstretched hands offer help, when no kind words are offered in consolation. I know this from my own experience, for I, too, spent five years of my life in prisoner-of-war and concentration camps.

The flickering lights of your little green candles will turn into powerful floodlights of warmth and sympathy, and shine across hermetically sealed frontiers into prisons, concentration camps, and the dreary homes of the oppressed masses behind the Iron Curtain.

❖ *Philosophy for Life*

What you are is God's gift to you.
What you become is your gift to God.

Pierce Harris.

A Redemptorist missionary brings a new construction idea to the prairies

Church of Straw

By MONROE JOHNSTON

Condensed from the *Star Weekly**

FATHER FRANCIS DALES, architect-priest, has kicked the stuffing out of one of nurseryland's most famous tales. He has built a house of straw that will withstand the huffing and puffing of a phalanx of big, bad wolves.

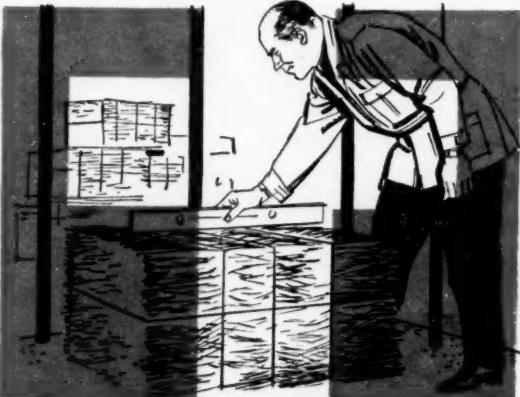
The house is a house of God, and it rests on a hilltop overlooking the Bad Heart river, 29 miles northeast of Sexsmith, Alberta, Canada. The church, modern in design and seating 50 persons, is largely constructed of rye straw bales and cost the parish a mere \$605. It was built in 30 days.

The success of the straw church has inspired construction of many straw buildings in the area. Bad Heart farmers have laid the foundation for a straw community hall. Father Dales has agreed to supervise the building of three straw homes in Bad Heart and one in Sexsmith. Other farmers have come to the Redemptorist Father, ask-

ing for blueprints for straw barns and implement sheds.

In economy, ease of construction, insulation, and permanence, straw dwellings excel. One homesteader who worked on the church said that if he had known of the new method years ago, he could have saved himself hundreds of dollars.

So enthusiastic was Father Dales' superior, Bishop H. Routhier of McLennan, that he advanced the necessary church-construction funds out of his own pocket. The parish will pay back the loan from the bishop at the rate of \$100 annually.



*Toronto, Ont., Canada. Jan. 22, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Star Weekly, and reprinted with permission.

The big Ontario-born priest, who looks like the footballer he was, drew up his own plans for the church and assisted in construction. For the idea of using straw bales as building walls, he gives credit to his brother Harold.

"I have been an amateur carpenter since I put myself through St. Mary's college, Brockville, by doing odd jobs," he related. "The superior there, Father Fuller, was an expert electrician, mechanic, and carpenter, and taught me a lot."

The young novice spent his next five years at the Redemptorist seminary at Woodstock, Ont. The old building, formerly Woodstock college, was in complete disrepair, and the carpentry talents of many of the young priests-in-training were constantly required.

After ordination he arrived in the Peace-river country to find the temperature 40° below.

First work on the Bad Heart chapel was the laying of a cement floor. Anchor bolts were set in the perimeter of the slab, three feet apart. One-inch piping, nine feet high, was anchored to the bolts. The top of the piping had six-inch bolts welded on.

The bales, laid like bricks, were impaled on the piping and pressed to the bottom. When the nine-foot wall was built up, a perforated steel plate, the length of the wall, was slipped onto the pipe tops. The straw was then compressed by screwing down burrs on the bolt.

Father Dales replaced the black baling wire with galvanized. Regular stucco wire was stretched over the straw walls, and stucco applied.

The 20-inch walls support a truss roof. The sides of the building have no windows. Light comes through a large one in the front gable. The low cost was not due entirely to use of straw. All labor was voluntary. It is the only church in Bad Heart, and Catholics and Protestants shared in its construction. Next, the people of Bad Heart will build a straw-wall community hall.

When Father Dales first hit the Peace river, he wondered what he had got himself into. But now, like most transplanted easterners, he's thoroughly sold on the area and one of its greatest boosters. "It's the most marvelous part of Canada, and I really mean it," he said. With an impish grin, he added, "Where else could I defy the Biblical edict and build with straw and no brick? The Hebrews built with brick and no straw."

Father Dales' ingenuity at the drafting board is changing several Peace-river communities. He designed the new modified Gothic church at Sexsmith. Its value today is set at \$70,000, but actual cost was \$20,000. Other new churches bearing the priest's imprint are at Grande Prairie, Edson, Vilna, and Athabaska, in which he played the double role of architect and contractor.



A Bavarian priest preaches during Mass at a refugee camp.

Since many children of the refugees have never attended Mass before, the Mass, priest, and altar are entirely new to them.





Chapel on Wheels Serves Iron-Curtain Refugees

IN WESTERN Germany, camps for displaced persons are kept full by the steady stream of refugees who risk their lives to escape from Eastern Germany. The escapees need both spiritual and material help. To serve them, a Catholic organization has built chapels on wheels, converted buses staffed by a few priests.

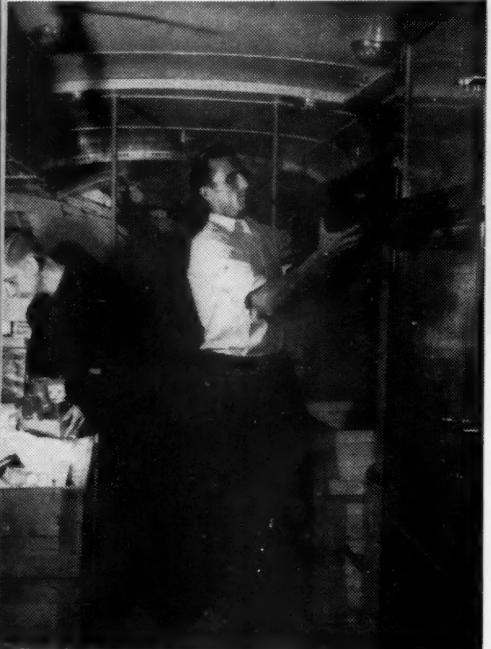
A bus of the *Ostpriesterhilfe*, the Priests' Help for Refugees from the

East, goes into predominantly Protestant areas to care for Catholic refugees. Such a bus is manned, as a rule, by two priests and their driver. It serves as their church and home.

When it stops, all traces of the trailer home quickly disappear, and, outside the bus, the refugees see only a temporary chapel. The priest opens doors in the side of the bus, revealing an altar.



To the priests, the chapel bus is also home. The younger priest makes up the bunk bed.



One of the priests preaches a sermon full of understanding of the refugees' situation. After Mass, the two priests pile much-needed clothing and food before the happy crowd.

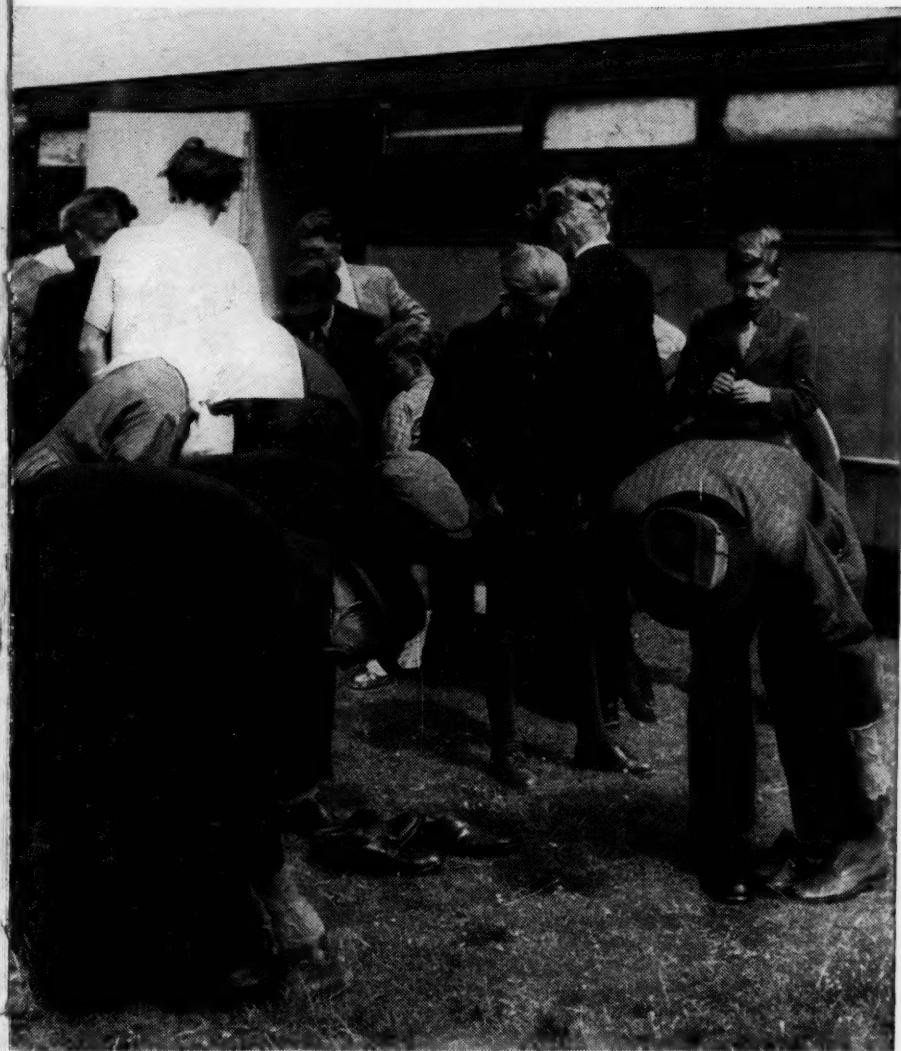
Their task of mercy and grace fulfilled, the priests fold up their tent, close the altar doors, and pull up the stairs. Their church has once more become a bus. The motor hums again, and off they go to another campsite, to bring happiness to other refugees.

Photography by Camera Clix.



Recordings of pipe-organ music and of the pealing of bells help provide the proper atmosphere.

While the priest unpacks cans of food for distribution, the driver stows away bedding.



Most refugees need shoes badly, so traveling priests are ready to supply them with footwear of all types and sizes.





Celtic Folk Tenor

Father MacEwan, the audiences say, now wears the mantle of John McCormack

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

IN THE TINY parish of Lochgilpead, Argyll, Scotland, a tenor singing voice is at the disposal of any priest for a new parish hall, a convent or a school, for four weeks of the year. Then, for 11 months, it will remain silent.

The voice belongs to Father Sydney MacEwan, a 45-year old Scottish-Irish priest, who has yet to give a concert abroad without hundreds being turned away. Described by Sir Compton Mackenzie, famed novelist and music critic, as "the finest living interpreter of Celtic music," he also has yet to make a recording that isn't a best seller in its field.

But it wasn't until the late fall of 1954 that American music lovers were able to hear and see Father MacEwan in person. One New York evening paper devoted a full half page to his arrival, and the other half to that of the queen

mother. With this happy omen neatly folded, Father MacEwan started his 12-concert American tour.

The tour was memorable for several things. It was almost a carbon copy of his successful tours of the British Isles, Australia, and New Zealand. Everywhere, crowds were turned away. Everywhere, the critics were eulogistic. And everywhere Father MacEwan made a point of refuting the advance publicity that he was one of the greatest singers alive today.

"Ah, for years they've called me the new John McCormack," he sighs, "but I couldn't lace the boot of John. Compared with him, I'm like an elephant wallowing in treacle. I sing the folk music of the Celtic people, and if people seem to like what they hear, it's because the songs are better than the voice."



What American audiences saw and liked was a small, neatly made man with curly gray hair, an infectious laugh, and twinkling gray-green eyes. He leans casually against the piano at the start of a recital, and gives a précis of each song, explaining a little of the history of the Celtic lands.

Introducing the Hebrides, he says, "Originally there were the Picts, who were a warlike sort of people. Picts, from the Latin *pictores*, because they painted themselves in various crude colors for battle. It meant literally 'painted men' . . . and," he adds, casually lifting an eyebrow, "probably painted weemen, too!"

The padre has a true lyrical voice which reduces his audience to happy tears, and a warm personality that instantly draws any group to him. He never neglects an opportunity to bring out a laugh. At his New York debut, when the audience got to its feet on his entrance, a scarlet zucchetto in the front row rose with the rest.

"W-e-l-l...!" beamed Father MacEwan, "that must be the fur-r-st time a bishop has stood up for a pastor."

The concert was an unforgettable one for the singer and the 1200 people who had besieged the Jade room of the Waldorf Astoria with its 600 seats. It was delayed 30 minutes for Cardinal Spellman who, despite a motorcycle police escort, couldn't get through the traffic.

That didn't upset Father MacEwan. He gathered his flock, and took them on a comical tour of the birthplaces of his songs.

After Cardinal Spellman's arrival, symbolizing a friendship begun in Australia many years ago, Father MacEwan began his recital. He sang the 12 numbers on the program, and enough encores to make many people late for supper. He spent another hour afterwards greeting old friends backstage: Mary Garden, Lily McCormack, and Bishop Douglas of Motherwell, on leave to recoup his health in America, as well as a dozen boyhood friends from his old Glasgow parish, who now live in America. The concert was sponsored by the nonprofit National Arts Foundation of New York, headed by Dr. Carleton Smith, and was presented by the Oriel society's Dr. Maurice Leahy.

Father MacEwan was born in Glasgow on Oct. 19, 1909, the son of a Scottish commercial traveler who died when he was very young. He was brought up by his Irish mother, who now keeps house for him in Lochgilpead. The MacEwans were always musically inclined. Both his father and an older brother, now a chiropodist in Glasgow, were good amateur pianists, while young Sydney used to play the violin.

The singer's first public appearance was at the age of ten. Together with his older brother and

cousin Charlie, he was taken on holiday to a seaside resort called Dunoon, in Argyll. Money was scarce in those days, but the older boys figured out a wonderful way to pay for rowboat hire and ice cream: they entered young Sydney in a singing competition.

"There were hundreds of pretty girls in their Sunday best," recalls Father MacEwan, "and I was the only boy, in dirty corduroys and blue jersey. Fresh from mucking about with the fishing boats, I sang *My Ain Wee House*, and I won handily."

Seven and sixpence was the prize, enough to supply the three boys with boats for the rest of their vacation. But there was one catch. No one had thought to tell Mrs. MacEwan of her son's prowess. She promptly hailed them from the shore and probed the financing.

"We got into an awful row over it," he says, with a chuckle, "complete with instructions, 'Never do it again.' Not exactly what you'd call early encouragement, but later it was different, of course."

Young Sydney was graduated from St. Aloysius Jesuit college at Garnet Hill, Glasgow, in 1927. He took a Master of Arts degree at the University of Glasgow, and became part of many of the university shows.

The Lord Rector at that time was Sir Compton Mackenzie. After hearing the singing student, Sir Compton advised, "You should do

something with that voice of yours. Let John McCormack hear you."

The audition was a milestone in Father MacEwan's life. Not only did he form his lifelong friendship with the McCormack family, but as he walked into their London home, he met a young priest with them. Said the great Irish tenor, "Well, Sydney, me boy, if ye can sing as well as this lad can preach, ye'll go far!" The "lad" was Father (now Bishop) Fulton J. Sheen.

Spurred on by Mackenzie and McCormack, Sydney MacEwan won a scholarship that took him to the Royal academy in London. From 1931 to 1935, he studied with Meux and Plunkett-Green. Although his training included the usual range from German *Lieder* to operatic arias, it was obvious that his voice was best suited to the traditional folk airs of Scotland and Ireland.

During his student days at the Royal academy he began to make recordings. It wasn't quite in the rules, but he needed the money. As a result, he is today one of the oldest recording artists with Columbia Records: 21 years in the catalog. More than a million of his records have been sold under various labels.

Father MacEwan considers *Elda's Pleading* the best recording he has ever made, but the one that has sold the most is *Scotland the Brave*. This is an old marching tune of the Highland regiments, for which

a Glasgow newspaper reporter wrote the words a couple of years ago.

The young Scots-Irish tenor was in great demand in the London of the early 30's. Handsome, with a natural dignity and courteous manners, he was lionized wherever he went, and his appearance in one smart London drawing room after another led to his official debut at Wigmore hall.

The great house which set the trends in matters artistic was that of the Marchioness of Londonderry. It took only one visit there for Sydney MacEwan to find himself the darling of London society.

He speaks of that social success with becoming modesty. "I was something new, you see, and all this society stuff was really useless musically, but I thought it was wonderful. You got a good dinner, and a guinea or two, for singing a few songs, and I was young and very easily impressed."

At Wigmore hall he was enthusiastically acclaimed by audience and critics alike, which led to concert engagements throughout the British Isles, later the Continent, and finally Australia and New Zealand. Then, in 1938, came the news which startled the musical world: Sydney MacEwan was abandoning his career to study for the priesthood.

"I think I'd always subconsciously wanted to be a priest," he says, quietly. "I don't know why I had-

n't done something about it much earlier, but perhaps I wasn't quite ready for it. Then I did all this concert touring, and I didn't like the life at all."

In his 29 years, he had tried the ways of the world, with its glitter, travel, and adulation, and found it wanting. "To me," he says, "it's just a dreadful life. I decided to be a priest. I have never regretted it."

In one year, Sydney MacEwan made seven retreats, and concentrated upon thinking out his problem. His decision: he would devote his life to God. He began his studies at the Scots college in Rome. He left when Italy entered the war, but continued his studies back in Scotland.

Father MacEwan was ordained in St. Andrews' cathedral in Glasgow, in 1944. But to the outside world, he was not forgotten. On the morning of his ordination, the Australian Broadcasting commission presented a coast-to-coast commemorative program. More than 100 radio stations played his records, and told the story of the new priest's life and final decision. Radio Eire did the same thing.

In Glasgow, Father MacEwan was appointed to the cathedral. As a curate, he went about his work with no thought of ever singing again. "The atmosphere I was living in—that sooty, smoky air—I don't think anybody could have sung in it!"

Father MacEwan had almost for-

gotten that he had ever been a singer when, three years after he was ordained and nearly ten years since he had stood on a platform, he received a plea from an old friend. Father O'Flynn, of the Cork diocese, was thinking of presenting a concert, and needed his services. Father MacEwan refused at first, knowing how out of practice he was.

"But it didn't do any good. St. Patrick was stronger than St. Andrew. For a fortnight, I ran up and down a few scales, and then dared to tread the stage of the opera house in Cork. Och! We gathered quite a lot of shillings, and had an hilarious concert."

His concertizing might have stopped right there, but he was sent the following year to represent the Archbishop of Glasgow at the Melbourne Diocesan centenary. As soon as the Australian Broadcasting commission knew he was coming, they said, "How about doing three concerts for us?"

The three concerts developed into 12, and to Father MacEwan's amazement, every one was sold out. To his even greater astonishment, since he felt himself very rusty and still out of practice, the critics were unanimous in praise.

On his return to Glasgow, he duly made his report to his bishop, which included an invitation from the Australian Broadcasting commission for a return engagement. He expected a firm No, but his

superior said, quite seriously, "Yes. Why not? By all means, go to Australia."

The three months' tour broke every record ever set for Australia, and that included the box-office receipts of both Nellie Melba, the great Australian singer, and John McCormack himself. In Melbourne Town hall, which seats 3,000, he gave seven concerts in 14 days. Each was sold out half an hour after the box office opened.

His last Australian concert provided Father MacEwan with the greatest thrill of his singing career. Forms had been sent out on which people might make their requests, and from the responses a program was made up to satisfy everyone.

"One special request came from the greatest Churchman I know, apart from the Pope," says Father MacEwan. "He was Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, who was very much in the forefront at the time of the trouble in Ireland. A staunch patriot, a fine scholar and wit, and also a very close friend of mine, he's been described as 'the greatest Irish exile.'

"His request was for *Oft in the Still Night*. He was far back in the hall, but I could see him, and I sang it for him. As I sang, I thought of him, a great and wonderful old man, with probably not one of his contemporaries alive—exiled from his homeland.

"You know the words? 'When I remember all the friends so linked

together, I've seen around me fall,
like leaves in wintry weather?" Well, he was 90 years old, and I think I sang that song as I never sang it before or since—for Archbishop Mannix. That was the greatest concert of my life, because he was there."

In Lochgilpead, his life is quiet but busy. There is only one (Protestant) school, so he takes the 30-odd children of the parish for instruction each morning at nine, following which they go to the regular school at ten.

Week-day Mass is at 8:30, and on Sunday at ten; it cannot be earlier because communicants come from outlying districts. Sunday catechism for the children is at four, with Benediction at 4:30, and then a 25-mile drive to Inverary for evening Mass at 6 p.m.

Though they compose a "puir wee parish," the 400 Catholics of Lochgilpead accept calmly the fact that their pastor is a world figure, and look on the fact as but another of God's bountiful blessings. But they exhibit no undue excitement at his various departures, reserving their feelings for his always welcome return.

Over the years, through his earnings, Father MacEwan has helped to finish the cathedral in Glasgow, which was long a-building before he came on the scene. He has also rebuilt his own St. Margaret's, which, in the midst of staunch Protestant country, is anything but prosperous.

"It had become a little derelict through no one's fault," he says, quietly. Still, he admits modestly that the church has been able to take on altar, stations, and floors of terrazzo marble. "It's a bit of a gem now," he says, with diffident pride, "and all for the price of a song or two."

Lochgilpead, he finds, holds everything a man could want. In addition, the parish includes the legendary hill of Dunad, where the ancient kings of Dalreadda were crowned. From that same hill, St. Columba preached many and many a time, and near by is the cave where he said Mass when he landed in Scotland.

Surrounded by the very folklore embodied in the songs he sings, Father MacEwan has found a peace more precious than anything the world could give him.



The Place of Woman

Woman was not taken from man's head to be ruled by him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon, but from his side to walk beside him, from under his arm to be protected by him, and from near his heart to be loved by him.

Gordon Higham.

Grow Up and Feel Better

*Often it's not "your nerves" that are making you sick,
but your own childish behavior*

By JOHN A. SCHINDLER, M.D.

Condensed from the *Town Journal**

Dr. Schindler is the author of How to Live 365 Days a Year, which was the January selection of the Catholic Digest Book club.

DESPITE RECENT advances in medical research, the most widespread disease of all continues to rage unchecked. Its name: Emotionally Induced Illness, EII for short. The number of its victims: over 50% of all the sick in the U.S.

If every river in the nation were suddenly to flood, the damage would equal only a fraction of the amount this disease costs annually. In dollars and cents, in pain, in human misery, EII constitutes mankind's greatest single catastrophe.

A patient of mine named Sam presents a typical picture of EII. He has been coming to me for years, suffering from a variety of ills. No drug nor medicine has ever helped Sam. Probably none ever will.

Last year, Sam's corn ran 168 bushels to the acre, which, in case

you're not an expert, is corn. Just before harvest time, I asked him, "How's your corn this year, Sam?"

"Terrible," he grumbled. "Just terrible! It's so heavy I don't know how we'll ever get it all in."

But Sam got it in very handily. His whopping yield was the talk of the county. So the next time I saw him, I asked cheerily, "Sam, how did that corn turn out?"

Glumly he shook his head. "Some say it wasn't bad. But let me tell you, a crop like that sure takes a lot out of the soil!"

Sam firmly believes that nothing good can ever happen to him. His sour disposition generates a constant emotional stress. And this stress, not an organic disease, is the root of his physical sickness. Sam, like millions of others, will remain sick until he learns to cope with his emotions.

Take the case of twin sisters I know. Last December, I went Christmas shopping with them. In the stores, one would say, "I just love to shop at Christmas time; everything is so beautifully deco-

*230 W. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. January, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

rated. And just look at the wonderful array of gifts! Not even the queens of France had so much to choose from." Or, "I'll buy this for brother Charles. He'll get so much pleasure out of it."

Her twin was entirely different. Upon entering a store she would say, "These awful crowds! I just hate shopping in mobs like this." She was snappy and rude to the dog-tired clerks. At lunch she caused an unnecessary scene with the waitress.

Her attitude was this. "With all these things to choose from, I can't make up my mind. And look at the prices. They certainly sting you here. Last year, Charles didn't like what I got him, and I know he won't like this year's gift any better. I really don't see why I should get him anything."

The next morning, the first sister went about her housework with a song and a smile. She felt fine. The second was in bed with a migraine headache. She complained bitterly, "I can't understand why I always get these miserable headaches."

Research has shown that our emotions can produce effects upon our bodies ranging all the way from mild pain to sudden death. EII, which is sometimes called psychosomatic illness, functional disease, or just plain "It's your nerves," is a common reaction to inner turmoil. It is so common, in fact, that probably every one of us has once had a bout with EII.

A problem that defies solution, an unhappy marriage, a sense of insecurity—any of these or similar tensions can bring on serious bodily illness.

There is nothing unique about the symptoms of EII. They are just the usual aches, headaches, neck-aches, stomach-aches, the ordinary run of discomforts, miseries, fatigue, and weakness that bedevil all of us. The important point is that, with EII, the mind and not the body is at fault.

While there is probably no more Emotionally Induced Illness around today than in the past, doctors are becoming increasingly concerned about it. We have conquered cholera, plague, smallpox, typhus, leprosy, and a host of other dreaded killers, but we have made little progress against EII.

However, the picture is changing. Out of today's psychological research has come a new concept that gives promise of ending most emotional stresses.

This new idea can best be called the *Learning-Maturity Concept* (or in everyday words, just growing up emotionally). It is based upon three points.

The amount of emotional stress people suffer does not necessarily have anything to do with their troubles.

There is a man in my town whose life has been an almost unbelievable series of misfortunes. But through it all, he has remained

calm and cheerful. He is a wonderful person to share a minute, an hour, or a day with. An admiring neighbor once asked for his magic formula.

Said this remarkable man, "It wasn't easy. First, I realized that I had to accept the inevitable. Second, I tried to make the most of the good things that always remain in life. Third, I determined that there is no defeat one cannot turn into some kind of victory."

People make their own emotional stresses because they have not matured in essential ways. They try to handle the ordinary run of adult problems with the reactions of children.

A young wife I know had never been taught to think independently. Her mother had always made all her decisions. After marriage, the girl continued to run to her mother with every problem.

Naturally, her husband disapproved. He resented the older woman's interference. His resentment grew until the bewildered wife was utterly unable to cope with it. Her acute emotional stress brought on a severe case of EII. The couple landed in the divorce court, and the wife went to the hospital.

Many people never grow out of their childish egotism and selfishness. All their lives, in marriage, in their work, in their play, they want everything for themselves. When they fail to get all their egos

tell them they deserve, they are intensely frustrated. Such adults, who emotionally are selfish children, can never understand why they have Emotionally Induced Illness.

There are many ways in which people fail to mature, thus producing emotional stress, and illness.

1. They never grow out of the receiving-attitude of childhood to the giving-attitude of maturity. Their own little selfish interests blind them to a consideration of the good of all.

2. They maintain the competitive attitude of childhood instead of developing the cooperative outlook of maturity. "My pa can lick your pa" becomes "I'm going to outsell that guy."

3. They never develop a sensible, adult attitude in regard to the place of sex in living. Fantasies finally make sex a troublesome obsession for them.

4. They fail to rise above the childish level of unthinking cruelty and hostile aggressiveness to a sympathetic, kindly understanding of the rights and problems of others. They often are unknowingly cruel to their families and unthinkingly hostile to their co-workers.

5. They never develop the ability to distinguish fact from fancy. The unreal world of their worries seems to them as real as the world of fact.

6. They allow themselves to be upset and frustrated by setbacks

instead of developing adaptability to change. They can't make the best of a bad situation.

7. They sulk over defeats instead of attempting to turn them into victories. They are incapable of rising above misfortune.

Maturity has to be, and can be, learned. No one comes by it naturally. We develop mentally; we can develop emotionally.

Unhappily, our schools don't teach emotional health; too often, parents don't either. In fact, the most important thing we can ever learn, emotional maturity, is left completely to chance.

Now at last we are beginning to face the problem. I predict that within 30 years our schools will be trying to teach their pupils to live free of self-imposed stress. Parents will still have to do most of the teaching, and fortunately most of them are trying. First, of course, they've got to grow up themselves.

At the Monroe clinic, in Monroe, Wis., we have developed a series of private lectures for the EII patient and his spouse. These are presented by means of tape recordings and automatic slide projection.

A series of these sessions shows the patient: 1. how his stress is making him ill; 2. how his stress stems from immaturities in important fields of living; 3. how he may learn to react maturely to ordinary ups and downs. It is all the cure that many EII patients need.

A young woman came to the clinic not long ago on the verge of a nervous breakdown. To make matters worse, her husband was about to sue for divorce. We found that both she and her husband had failed to grow up. They still acted like children. A typical day started with one picking up a chance remark of the other and hurling it back, soaked in verbal acid. When the first responded in kind, the battle would be on. All day, they'd bicker over nothing.

Finally, we brought them to see the trouble. Little by little they came to live with more poise, common sense, and consideration. The divorce was forgotten.

If all of us learn to stop being childish and grow up emotionally, we'll avoid a vast amount of physical illness, to say nothing of minor aches, pains, and fatigue.



Absolved, Not Dissolved

A PASTOR WAS testing his First Communion class on their understanding of the Eucharistic fast. "Bobby," he asked, "What if you ate your breakfast and wanted to go to Communion? Could you go to Confession and then receive our Lord?"

"No, Father," Bobby answered. "Confession will take away your sins, but it won't take away your breakfast."

The Sign (Feb. '55).

Louvain's American College

*It is easy to tell where the
students come from*

By Kees van Hoek

LOUVAIN RISES OUT of the rich, flat Flemish plain, a plum-brick town of spires and belfries; of narrow, cobblestoned streets between high, step-gabled, tall-windowed houses.

The many buildings dotted throughout the Belgian town, which form one of the oldest, largest, and certainly most illustrious Catholic universities of the world, include that of the American college. From its 17th-century Renaissance gate the Stars and Stripes flutters proudly on feast days. The college, too, has reason to be proud: it is nearly three years older than its sister institution, the North American college in Rome.

The setting is Flemish: flagstone tiled corridors, Gothic chapel, a rose garden surrounded by an old brick wall. Yet, one is left in no doubt as to the nationality of the residents. The new-world twang of their English; the

Kellogg cornflakes, rhubarb pie, and milk served with meals; the volleyball and basketball games—all bespeak American occupancy. If final proof is needed, there is the otherwise unusual sight of the cuffs of long trousers showing below the students' cassocks. European clergy wear knickers under their cassocks.

Louvain college, owned and administered by the American hierarchy, is Alma Mater to some hundreds of American priests and members of the hierarchy.

Connecticut-born John Gregory Murray was ordained here in 1900 for the Hartford diocese. He is now Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn. (At present he has nine students from his own diocese here.) Archbishop Henry J. O'Brien of Hartford, Conn.; Bishop Charles P. Greco of Alexandria, La.; Bishop Matthew F. Brady of Manchester, N.H.; Bishop Russell J. McVinney of Providence,



R. I.; Bishop James A. McNulty of Paterson, N. J.; and Bishop Alexander J. Zaleski, Auxiliary to the Cardinal Archbishop of Detroit—all are Louvain alumni.

The story of Louvain began nearly a century ago, in the 1850's. Year after year the American bishops had appealed to the bishops of Europe to send laborers to the underdeveloped vineyards of America. At that time, the U. S. still seemed to Europeans a very far and wild country. The continental newspapers of the time, reporting the start of the Louvain American college, spoke with awe of its students as "men of more than ordinary courage, to work among bloodthirsty savages, and to live among the wild beasts of virgin forests and inhospitable prairies."

After the publication of the U. S. census of 1850, the American bishops calculated that, owing to the lack of priests and their scant means, the Church had lost some 4 million souls in the years between 1820-50. Something had to be done.

In 1856 the vicar general of the Detroit diocese, one Father Kindekens, was sent to Rome to secure a building for an American college there. His task turned out to be impossible at the time, because Rome was under French occupation. On his way back, he visited his native Belgium, and there the idea for an American college was born. It had been conceived some four years earlier in the mind of

Bishop Martin Spalding of Louisville, later Archbishop of Baltimore.

A circular letter had been sent out to all the American bishops. It pointed out that Belgium was an entirely Catholic country, that its seminaries "breathed the true ecclesiastical spirit," that both her own people and those of her neighbors, Holland, Western Germany, Northern France, "reared under a climate similar to that of America, were robust in body and mind, industrious and provident of character, and would make most efficient missionaries particularly suited to the American mission."

The next step was the arrival of Father Kindekens in Louvain in February, 1857, to found an American college. His funds were exactly \$2,000, put up by the Bishops of Detroit and Louisville. It bought him an old building on Namur St., once part of the house of study for the ancient Abbey of Aulne, but more recently used as a tavern and a butcher shop. In March, 1857, the college opened. In June, the first student, a Fleming, arrived; by the end of the year there were eight students. These first students knew the meaning of poverty. Their days were spent between damp walls and under leaking roofs. The chapel was used as a classroom after Mass. Only alms kept the young seminarians from starving.

Slowly, finances improved. Gifts came from the U. S., Germany, and Austria, and gradually, adjoining

gardens and houses could be bought. The year 1870 proved a milestone: many American bishops who had attended the Vatican council visited Louvain on their way home and became genuinely interested in the project.

In 1892, a fine new chapel was built from alumni donations. Daniel Russell of Kentucky was the first American student.

In the second half of its now near-century history, the two World Wars interfered with the working of the college. It was closed in 1914, and reopened in 1919. From 1940 to 1947 it was used to store books salvaged from the bombed University library; from 1947 to 1952 it was used as a residence hall for lay students.

The college was reopened in 1952 under its present rector, Father Thomas F. Maloney, of Tipperary descent. He first came to Louvain to study in 1924, and was ordained here in 1930. Later he became assistant pastor of St. Paul's church in Edgewood, R. I. He is a wiry, tallish man, who looks younger than his 50 and some years. Great good humor sparkles behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

He supervises the studies of 94 seminarians, drawn from 23 American dioceses. Some stay four years, others six. They have been specially selected by their bishops for the kind of training that Louvain offers.

Louvain university has many of

the greatest scholars in the world on its faculties. The present Primate of Belgium and Archbishop of Malines, Cardinal van Roey, taught dogma and moral theology here. During his years on the faculty, he lived in the American college. The stately white residence of Bishop Honaratus van Wayenbergh, the university rector, directly adjoins the American college; and he says Mass every morning in the American college chapel.

Once a student arrives in Louvain, he does not return to the U.S. during his studies. Some American students spend their summer holidays going to Religious houses as far away as Spain and Italy to learn languages. Six of them acted as *brancadiers* in Lourdes last summer. Others follow summer courses at universities in other lands. "They are gluttons for learning, all right," laughs the rector.

"What do they miss most?" I asked. "Sweet corn and American cooking," came the prompt reply. And what do they like best? To walk to a villa which the college owns, half an hour away on the Chausee to Brussels, for a ball game.

The tasteful chronogram on the wrought-iron gate indicates that the American college of Louvain is under the protection of Mary Immaculate. Within three years it will celebrate the centenary of its great mission.

The Roles of Maureen O'Sullivan

*She's a wild Irish joke
on Hollywood*

By SAMUEL GRAFTON
Condensed from *Good Housekeeping**



THESE DAYS, when so many beautiful women scheme to get into the movies, Maureen O'Sullivan is a kind of wild Irish joke on Hollywood.

The dark-haired, blue-eyed girl from Dublin never lifted a finger to get into films, yet at 18, she got in at the top. She has quit movies three times, once to nurse her husband, invalided out of the war (he recovered); once to have a child (she eventually had seven); and once to see her eldest daughter through polio (she's fine).

Maureen's habit of quitting the films as if she were dropping an old coat on a sofa causes brave actors to blench and strong agents to shudder. She also scares the film capital by saying that while she loves to make films and appear on television shows, her chief job at the moment is to stop being a girl and to become a woman.

Since Maureen is as starry-eyed and 12 pounds slimmer than she

was 20 years ago, Hollywood wonders what makes Maureen rush the "woman bit" so. Many a Hollywood golden girl would sooner admit she has become an embezzler than that she has become mature.

For a girl like Maureen, with a face and figure that can still make delivery boys forget where they are going, to welcome the state of womanhood seems to Hollywood positively eerie. Much of Hollywood doesn't understand this line of talk, any more than it understands the seven children.

But to Maureen, who has watched life come to her in successive waves, the coming of maturity seems filled with mystery and promise. She wonders what she is going to be like as a grown-up character, in much the spirit in which a girl of 15 wonders what she is going to be like in her 20's. She would no more falsify her age, which is 43, than she would forge a check.

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. January 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

You turn into Maureen's ranch house in the "citized" part of Beverly Hills, between Santa Monica Blvd. and Sunset Blvd., and find her ready to talk without reserve. Somewhere in this quiet house, in which a terra-cotta figure of St. Francis broods over a wading pool in the sunny patio, you know that there are seven children, like steps from three to 15. But looking at their slim young mother, you don't believe it.

"I'm getting over being young," she says. "When you're young, life is simple. You try to please people, in an agitated way, but you don't really know enough to love them. When you are older, you discover people again, as equals, sources of joy, not as conveniences in your life."

Producer Frank Borzage discovered Maureen O'Sullivan dining with friends in a Dublin restaurant. He brought her to Hollywood to play with John McCormack in the great Irish tenor's *Song o' My Heart*. The studio placed Maureen and her mother in a cheerless hotel room in a crowded section of Hollywood composed of equal parts of heat, decaying brake-repair stations, and dirty diners.

"Aren't you lucky!" studio representatives kept saying to Maureen. "You lucky, lucky girl!" Since Maureen came from a prominent Irish family (her father was a major in Connaught's Rangers) and had been accustomed to a

minimum of four servants in the house, including a butler, she did not know quite what they were talking about.

The studio had convinced itself, while Maureen was on her way to California, that she was a simple colleen who wore little shawls, linssey-woolsey dresses, and probably no shoes. Early publicity handed out to the press was along those lines.

She was met at the station with full Irish panoply and presented with a shillelagh, an article she had never seen before in her life. She was also expected to have a rich Irish brogue. Since she had been educated in convents in Dublin and London, had been to a finishing school at Versailles, and had boarded with a private family in Paris to perfect her French, Maureen found it hard to live up to expectations. At once, the rumor swept Hollywood that she was fake Irish and had really come from Chicago.

She made the John McCormack picture and appeared in two films with Will Rogers. Then, about 1932, she went to Metro, which decided that she was just right for its versions of the Tarzan stories, those greatest of Hollywood perennials. They sent her to the jungle in the back lot, where Johnny Weissmuller, as Tarzan, was swinging through the trees with Cheeta, the famous ape. She stayed in the jungle ten years.

This, she says, is the sort of thing that happens to her often. She gets into something and stays with it. "Like having seven children," she says with a smile. She has never planned a move since she was first swept into the films at 18 by Borzage. She believes you have to prepare for a nice change in your life before it happens; you can't just make it happen.

"Sometimes it's luck," someone protested recently. "Look at the way Borzage picked you out."

"It's not luck," she says. "If I hadn't been the kind of girl who goes to a party even when dead tired, I wouldn't have been at that restaurant that night with my friends. It came out of what I was. You become what you already are. I don't believe in luck. It's only a working out of your own character. There's a period in life when you build and build and build. Then a climax comes. Like the wonderful thing of finally growing up that I'm waiting for now. It's like the way a country gives birth to the men it needs long before it needs them."

Maureen broke away from Tarzan pictures from time to time to make pictures that rank as Hollywood classics: *Tugboat Annie*, *West Point of the Air*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *David Copperfield*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. But she always found herself back in the trees. In the minds of millions of movie-

goers, she had to be Tarzan's mate.

One day a young writer from Australia, John Farrow, showed up in the jungle. He had won attention with a book on Father Damien, the friend of the lepers. He had been commissioned to write a Tarzan scene, which he was allowed to direct. He kept Maureen standing too long in the mud; she scolded him for it. Then she married him.

He became a prominent director and the father of her three boys and four girls. Of late years it has been a comfort, he says, that some of the older children were big enough to walk the hospital corridors with him while some of the younger ones were being born.

Maureen was going along, making Tarzans, when, in 1941, her husband was invalidated out of the Canadian navy, seriously ill. She quit the movies at once. "It didn't take her a minute to decide," says a Metro official.

"I knew Johnny," Maureen says. "He would have died in a hospital. He had to be home." She took care of him, and Farrow recovered.

Earlier in his career, he had directed *Five Came Back*, a low-budget surprise hit. He went on to *Wake Island*, which won the 1942 New York Film Critics Award for Best Direction; *The Big Clock*; *Ride, Vaquero!*; and others.

While making his films, Farrow has been carrying on a second career as a writer. He has produced, in addition to *Damien the Leper*

and an English-Tahitian dictionary, *Pageant of the Popes*,* for which he has been decorated. He was made a Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher by Pope Pius XI in 1937 and given the Grand Cross of the Order by Pius XII in 1940. Besides these honors, he is a Chevalier of the Order of Nischan-el-Iftikhar, has the Order of the Crown of Rumania and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. *

He recently finished *The Sea Chase*, a film with John Wayne, and *The Story of Sir Thomas More*, a book on the English saint and statesman who was beheaded by Henry VIII for refusing to yield his allegiance to the Pope.

There are areas of privacy in the lives of the Farrows beyond the reach of ordinary Hollywood currents. Maureen has always created this feeling. A family interest in religion also has served to make the Farrows people with private lives.

Maureen made no more films until 1948, when she appeared in *The Big Clock*, a hit. Although Farrow directed it, he did not hire her. Her agent proposed her to Paramount, which sold the idea to Farrow, who insisted on exhaustive screen tests before agreeing. After *The Big Clock*, offers poured in.

But Maureen remembered a certain dawn, with her children clustered at the top of the staircase weeping at the sight of mother in

*Being reprinted in 50¢ edition by Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn.

make-up, ready to leave for the studio. (Farrow had already left, an hour before dawn, which is what movie-making *is*.) She was not quite finished with the active phase of what she calls "the wife and mother bit," and she quit the films again to have three more babies.

In 1952 she was back, with *Bonzo Goes to College*. She did *Mission Over Korea* in 1953 and *All I Desire*, with Barbara Stanwyck. She was scheduled for a film last summer when her oldest daughter came down with polio. She quit again. The child recovered.

For the last few years she has been facing a special problem, linked with the business of growing up and being what you truly are. Hollywood, which once tried to type Maureen O'Sullivan as a simple girl from the bogs wearing a shawl, is now determined to force a white lace cap on her head and make her into Whistler's mother.

The film capital is delighted that two of its leading citizens are parents of an impressively numerous, thriving, and respectable family. Because Maureen happens to be a good and loving lady with a special fondness for children, she has been made into a symbol.

As a result, some of the juiciest professional opportunities are closed to her. It's not that she particularly wishes to play bad people; she wants to be allowed to practice her profession like anybody else. Some-

times even the presentation of an unsavory character can convey a sound moral lesson to the audience. That's not for Maureen. The community in which she lives has taken possession of her in a curiously sentimental, almost stifling way.

She is good-natured about it. Obviously, with seven kids stacked in three bedrooms (she takes six of them to school every morning in a station wagon), she knows more about motherhood than the sentimentalists who insist on doing her portrait in sugar candy. She has turned for relief to television, which allows her greater range, and has starred on the Lux and Ford theaters.

For just one ecstatic moment recently she thought she was going to be permitted to play a poisoner. Scheduling difficulties prevented it. All this raises in her mind the basic problem of growing up, of finding out who she really is, before she freezes forever into a symbol.

"It's the most fascinating point in life," she says. "You look ahead and wonder what you're going to do with the rest of it. What you try to do now is to get on a level with people, mind to mind, not to think of what they can do for you or what they're bringing you in one form or another, the way you do when you're young."

"Not long ago, I visited an old director friend who was ill. He was grateful and did the most enormous favor for one of my children. The whole thing was such a happy little story. You don't do those things when you're still frighteningly young. You haven't learned to give. You just don't know how."

"It's hard for a woman, perhaps, to grow up. But you're helped by a new kind of wisdom, by being able to love people more than you could before. The young don't have time really to love. You lose your un-sureness, you stop trying to please everybody. But you want to start helping them."

"You get on better terms with yourself. After 30, a woman either gains or loses. What she is comes out. She can't hide behind youth any more. The bright golden shield is down. But it's exciting to find out what is there. I don't know what will come out of it. I know it won't be dull. I know it the way I knew that something special was going to happen to me at 18."

That's Maureen O'Sullivan, the girl Hollywood has always tried to reduce to a symbol. In a sense, she's fighting for her life, against being crystallized into a permanent exhibit in the film-town showcase. You have a feeling that the little Irish girl is going to make it.

◆

TIME: God's way of giving us the opportunity to know him.
M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.

The Undermining of China

*Phony "progressive" education made her
an easy prey for the Reds*

By DR. KAO CHIEN

Condensed from *The Freeman**

SO-CALLED "progressive education" paved the way for communism in China. The same phony educational theories now being foisted upon some American children made the Red conquest of China comparatively easy. Here is how it happened.

Following the Opium war with the British in 1842, China lost one war after another to the West, suffering heavy damages and costly indemnities each time. Chinese inferiority in science and industry was blamed.

China's leaders decided to modernize the nation. For that purpose, many students were sent to Europe and America to study.

In 1917, Chinese students who had graduated from Columbia and Harvard universities began to return to China. A large number of them, instead of learning the scientific know-how expected of them, had been thoroughly indoctrinated in pragmatism, experimentalism, and, above all, atheism. They organized a movement called "the new culture movement of May 4th," to which universities and

schools all over China responded.

Its leaders insisted that traditional Chinese emphasis on moral training held China back from scientific progress and industrialization. They attacked traditional Chinese culture in books, pamphlets, and periodicals. They made speeches, held conferences, sponsored mass rallies.

The new culture was based on the experimentalism of John Dewey, the socialism of Harold Laski, and the materialism of Bertrand Russell. Its leaders glorified these "new thinkers" and propagandized their theories. John Dewey himself was invited in 1919 to lecture in China. He lectured for many months at the University of Peking and other institutions of learning all over China. Everywhere he went, the new intellectuals enthusiastically welcomed him as a savior of China. Later, Bertrand Russell was also invited to China. His radical views on moral and religious issues did serious harm to the thinking of Chinese intellectuals.

Under the influence of the "pro-

*Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. December, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Irvington Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

gressive" movement, the National Ministry of Education in 1922 adopted a new educational policy for all schools, public and private, throughout the country. The policy abolished the traditional aim of education in China and replaced it with a program of "progressive education." The program was compulsory.

Young people were trained in the spirit of revolution and reform. They learned to ridicule traditional Chinese moral principles as impediments to progress. At home they showed no respect for their parents or elders, whom they considered the backward victims of old Chinese traditions. When this generation graduated from the schools, a serious social problem was created: besides being unprepared for making a living, the youngsters lacked the social graces needed for mingling with their fellow men.

The older educators protested strongly against the system; and the nationalist government abolished it in 1928. They then substituted the "new school system," with an educational program patterned after the "three principles of the people" advocated by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, founder of the Republic of China. Unfortunately, the spirit of progressive education had gone too deep to dig out. It continued to dominate the intellectual, educational, and cultural life of China.

The new culture movement un-

dermined Chinese culture and traditions, but it offered no philosophy to replace it. The followers of the movement brought to China the Western ideologies of pragmatism, experimentalism, materialism, socialism, and atheism. But they never stopped to consider whether or not these theories could satisfy the needs or solve the problems of China, or could be adapted to the character of the Chinese people.

Because "progressive" theories teach that there is no absolute truth and no reality, they offer no philosophy of life. Without a philosophy of life one's life is incomplete.

This tremendous vacuum in the minds of the Chinese made them easy prey for communism. The people were told by the underground communists that communism was the only cure-all for the ills of China. Such communists introduced the doctrine of class struggle and underlined the necessity of creating a classless society. Gradually, the bewildered people favored communism, not because they liked it, but because they had nothing better to follow.

Thus, the path for the taking over of China by the communists in 1948-49 was prepared by the materialistic philosophy introduced by the "progressives." The communists have since shown their gratitude by treating these intellectuals as opportunists and subjecting them to extremely harsh

brainwashing. They are forced to condemn themselves as reactionaries, remnants of feudalism, exploiters of the people, and running dogs of Western imperialism.

The intellectuals awoke in horror from their rosy dream, but too late. Hundreds were liquidated. A few escaped to the free world.

Almost all Chinese living abroad are dedicated to the struggle against the communists. Unfortunately, their line of attack is not clear. Many of the intellectuals are opposed only to the cruelty and inhumanity of the communists, not to the philosophy of communism.

They do not realize that the inhumanity of the communists is the logical conclusion of communist theory. Fighting communists without fighting communism is meaningless.

As for the Chinese on the mainland, they have been rudely and brutally awakened. They now see the evil of communism, and feel the need for a sound philosophy of life. Undoubtedly, many will someday return to the familiar ways of Confucianism, but many others will seek a higher and more inspiring plan for life in the teachings of Christ.



Kid Stuff

WHEN THE YOUNG mother caught little Joe in his first white lie, she was so distressed that she told him to go to his room and not to call her "mommy" again. Joe stayed in his room for three hours before he timidly approached her, and said, "Lady, can I call you mommy now?"

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Oct. '54).



A LITTLE GIRL marched into a Memphis bank and handed the teller a \$1 bill, saying, "Would you change that to nickels?"

Taking her nickels to a table, she counted them carefully. Five minutes later, she returned. "Would you change these into dimes?" she asked.

A few minutes later, back she came to get the dimes changed into quarters. When she returned with the quarters, the teller was finally moved to ask, "What in the world are you doing?"

"Learning to count money," she said briskly, and retired with her half dollars.

Associated Press.



TOMMY WAS running errands for his sister, and made a trip to the drug store.

"I would like a box of powder for my sister," he said.

"Certainly," said the clerk, who had decided to have his little joke, "some that goes off with a bang?"

But Tommy was equal to the occasion. "No," he answered brightly, "the kind that goes on with a puff."

Wall Street Journal (20 Sep. '54).

The Man Who First Sang "Dixie"

Dan Emmett, end man in a minstrel show, wrote the song that became the favorite of a united nation

By FANNIE R. BUCHANAN
Condensed from "How Man Made Music"*

YOUNG DAN EMMETT earned his living by being funny. He was end man in a minstrel show. That meant he had to be able to tell a story in a way that would set sober sides shaking. He had to dance a clog that would start feet tapping, and his banjo and bones had to turn dirges into cakewalks.

Dan Emmett could do all that and more. The foolish songs he made up for the minstrel-show "walk-'round" would set the audience into such roars of laughter that the men of the troupe called them the "hooray songs."

But one season Dan Emmett just couldn't be funny. He had come up from a trip through the sunny South and the cold of the North was getting on his nerves. He was doing his best to amuse his New York audience and, what was more important, his manager. But sometimes he was even

afraid he would lose his job. He just couldn't get a smile out of life, which was most unusual for Dan Emmett.

On one stormy Saturday night when he was feeling particularly low, the manager came to him and said, "Emmett, we'll have to have a new hooray song right away. You get one ready for rehearsal Monday morning."

Monday morning! It was then late Saturday night. But the manager was not to be put off. "Monday morning for rehearsal," he insisted.

Downhearted, Dan Emmett turned toward his rooming house. The wind of the street set him shivering. With a disgusted shrug he exclaimed, "New York! Oh, I wish I was in Dixie!" As he hurried along he repeated the wish over and over to himself until without knowing it he was singing in time with his footsteps.



The next morning at his window, looking down upon the cold, wet street with its hurrying crowds, he again remembered the balmy days of the Southland and again he repeated, "I wish I was in Dixie." This time he said it aloud and as he said it he beat an impatient tattoo upon the rain-flecked windowpane. Unconsciously he repeated the words and the tattoo, and unconsciously he fitted them to the rhythm of his quick steps of the night before—"I wish I was in Dixie!"

Days of sunshine—nights of song—in Dixie. The words acted as a kind of magic. Dan forgot the cold New York street. He forgot that he had to make a new song. He was hearing the punk-a-punk of the banjo strings. He was hearing the singing Negroes. He was roaming over a sunny plantation lawn. Hooray, to live and die in Dixie!

Suddenly the end man stopped. His lips puckered into a whistle. The hooray song! He had it! "To live and die in Dixie!" That would make a hooray song worth singing.

The rhythm of his quick steps as he had hurried along the night before belonged with the idea, so the tune, of course, had the stirring beat of a quick step mingled with the punk-a-punk of banjos. The melody that came to Dan Emmett had the smile of the South and the swing of a New York street crowd. And so, on a bleak day in a north-

ern city, *Dixie*, the famous song of the sunny South, was born.

Monday morning at rehearsal the men of the troupe pronounced the new song a "rouser," and the manager said, "I knew you could do it."

Monday night Dan Emmett with banjo and bones sang *Dixie* for the walk-'round, and the people cheered. And people have been cheering ever since whenever and wherever *Dixie* is heard.

The words are nonsense, but the jolly tune has kept the song a favorite when most of the other walk-'rounds of the old days have been forgotten.

That was the very kind of a tune the southern bandmaster needed when the North and the South went to war in the 60's. But instead of being sung with banjo and bones, the tune was played by fife and drum. It made a wonderful soldier march, and soon every man, woman, and child of the South was singing *Dixie*. It became a battle cry of the southern armies.

But the people of the North loved *Dixie*, too. When at last the war was over, President Lincoln knew that the jolly little tune could be a real peacemaker. He had it played often at Washington, and North and South listened with mingled smiles and tears. So *Dixie* healed deep wounds and eased old scars, and became the favorite of a united nation.

But for all the fame of his song,

Dan Emmett received very little money for it. He had let it go for only a small sum, and later, while it was selling by thousands, its popularity brought him not a penny. In his old age when he could no longer work he had to live as best he could on gifts of food and clothing.

Often when a show troupe came to his home town, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, he would manage to make friends with the doorkeeper and have a free seat to hear the new songs. His happiest moment came when, as sometimes happened, *Dixie* was sung or played by the company band. It was then that the old end man forgot his troubles.

One evening, as he hobbled down the village street, he discovered that a company he had once known was to present a musical comedy that night at the opera house. The old end man forgot his stiff joints in his eagerness to hear the jolly songs. He had no money, but he was sure that the manager would remember him, and he tottered up to the ticket window to ask for admission. But the manager was not there. A brisk young stranger shook his head, "Sorry, sir, no free seats tonight."

But something in the eyes of the old man as he turned away caught the attention of the ticket seller. He asked a lad standing near who the old man might be. "That's Dan Emmett," the boy told him. "He used to be a comedian, a band man,

and a song writer, but his songs never made him any money and now he's down and out."

The manager was passing and caught the name. "Dan Emmett!" he exclaimed. "Go bring the old gentleman back. Give him a seat."

From the front row the stooped old man watched and listened attentively. At each number his eyes brightened. Yet at the close a shade passed over his face. *Dixie* had not even been used as an encore.

But then the curtain went up again. The whole company had assembled on the stage. They came to the very front and turned toward Dan Emmett. The band struck into *Dixie!*

The manager motioned for Dan Emmett to rise. The stooping spine straightened. He sang his little hooray song, as fresh and jolly as on its first night! The trembling limbs grew steady.

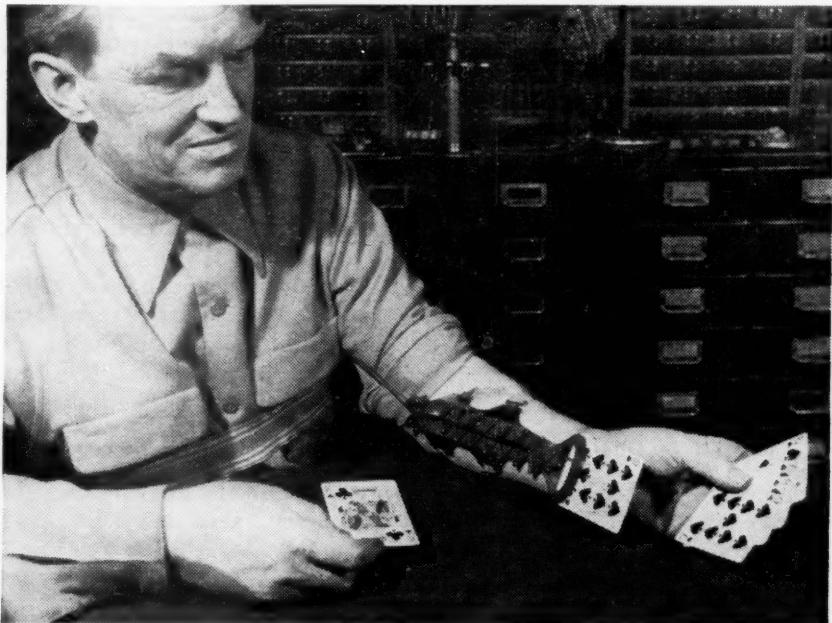
The Dan Emmett who stood there was strangely different from the tottering old man who two hours before had turned away from the ticket window. The faded eyes were shining. The trembling lips smiled happily. What if people did give him food and clothing? He had given them a song—a song that would never grow old; a song that had helped to bring peace after war; a song that was the darling of his country. The bowed head lifted proudly. He was Dan Emmett—author and composer of *Dixie!*

AT FORT DIX recently, the provost marshal handed Police Sergeant Audley Valentine Walsh 108 pairs of dice. MP's had picked them up in raids on payday games.

Walsh examined the dice and found that 102 of the 108 pairs were "gaffed," crooked in some way. The incident substantiates Walsh's favorite comment, "Real gamblers don't gamble." In one way or another, he emphasizes, the professionals have the odds on their side and will win in the long run. Only suckers defy the odds and "gamble."

Don't

In his 28 years on the Ridgefield Park, N. J., police force, Walsh has never arrested a man for gambling. His interest in the field of illegitimate sport is mostly academic, centering in his collection of thousands of crooked devices, with almost every known cheating gadget. The



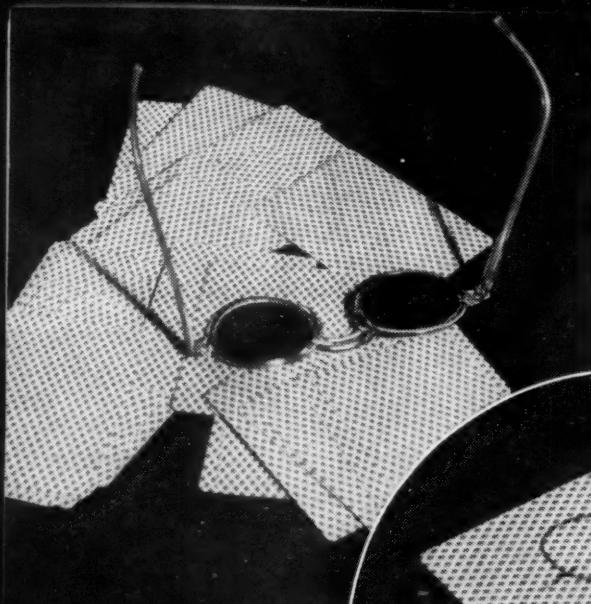
Walsh demonstrates a postgraduate cheating device called a "holdout." Strapped to the player's arm, the gadget may be used to insert a needed card into the hand, or hold out one or more cards until needed. Of course, the user must wear long sleeves.

Gamble!

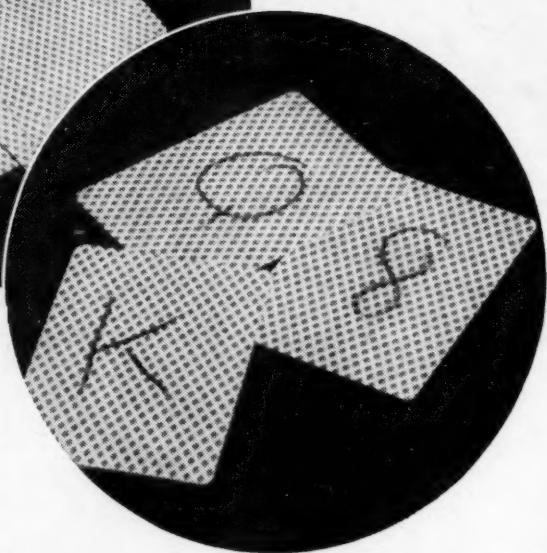
There are two times in a man's life when he shouldn't gamble: when he can't afford it, and when he can.—MARK TWAIN

Walsh has everything from roulette wheels to phony bingo cards.

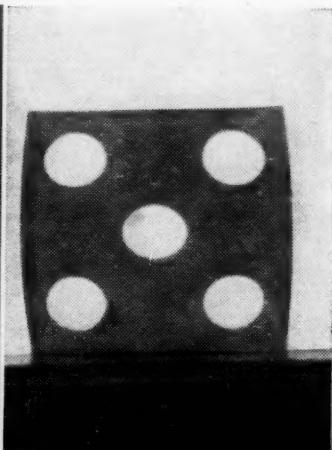
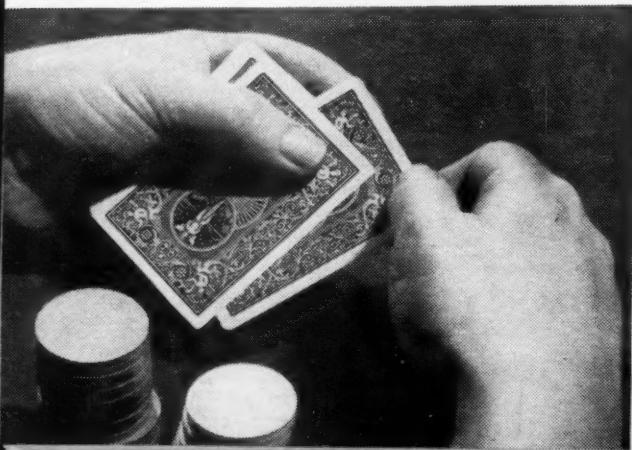




Many a soldier has lost his pay to some fellow wearing a pair of these specs. The diamond-backed card markings are visible only through special red glasses. Below are the cards as he sees them.



Although he never plays for money, Walsh is one of the country's five best card manipulators. Here he demonstrates the technique of dealing "seconds," the second card off the top.



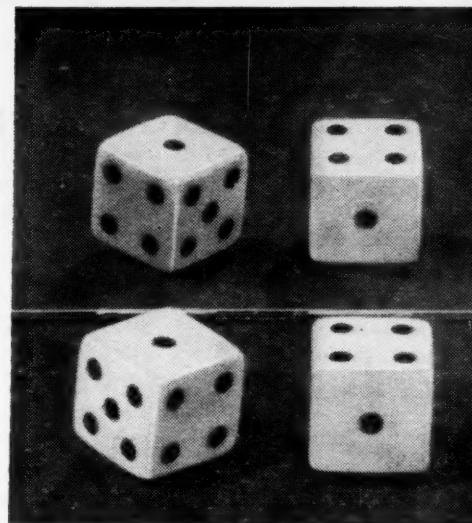
collection is valued at \$35 thousand.

Every week or so, Walsh is called upon to lecture to FBI groups, police classes, clubs, and army posts. He lectures to MP's on methods of detecting phony dice and cards, but not to ordinary GI's, because he has no desire to spread the knowledge of how cheaters operate. This, he says, would cause more cheating than it would prevent.

The three biggest gambling rackets are, in order: cards, dice, and slot machines. Walsh estimates their take conservatively at \$500 million a year. There is no such thing as an honest slot machine—they're all rigged.

There are a few honest dice games; but with 50 kinds of crooked dice known, it's hard to be sure. The latest bit of trickery uncovered is electronically controlled dice. The mechanism is hidden under the table, and the shooter with the proper connections can hit any number he selects electronically.

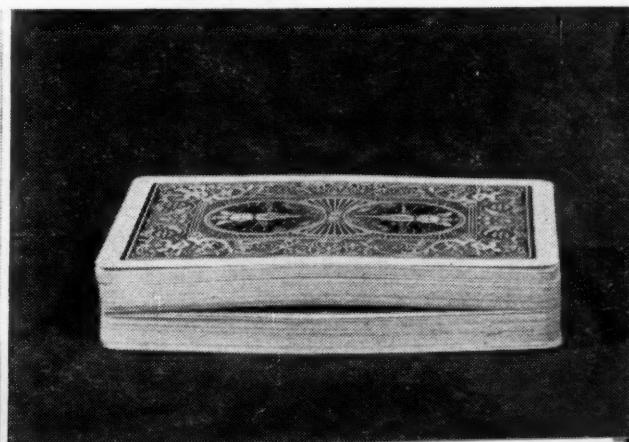
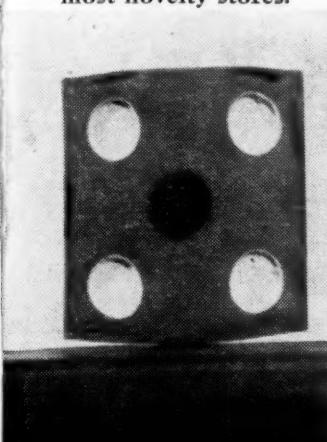
Questioned about his experiences, **Beveled dice are sold in most novelty stores.**



Only three sides of the dice can be seen without this mirror, and most people don't keep a sharp lookout for misnumbered dice.

Walsh admits to having lost \$80 once in a navy dice game during the 1st World War. Shortly after that, he discovered the game was a crooked one, and since then he's left gambling to the suckers.

The card sharp's trade-mark is the crimped deck. Cards are stacked so the victim cuts the deck at the right place.



A New Kind of Sisters

There are also secular institutes for men who lead the lives of Religious right in the everyday world

By NICHOLAS H. RIEMAN, S. J.

JANE HASTILY smoothed her plaid skirt and straightened the jaunty green feather on her new fall hat. She was pinched for time this morning: the family with whom she shared a bathroom had monopolized it.

A few minutes later, as her bus sped past the Cathedral, her lips moved in a silent renewal of her Religious vows. None of the other girls at the office know it, but Jane is a Sister, and today was her vow anniversary.

Paul tucked his notes into his briefcase, groped for gloves in the pockets of his tweed topcoat, and was off to his 9:30 lecture at the state university. He has been a professor of philosophy there for nearly three years. Fellow professors, observing that this handsome, dynamic young teacher never has a date, have concluded sadly that his passion for work has blinded him to woman's charms. They don't know about his passion for God. They don't know that he, like Sister Jane, is one of Christ's secret operatives, and that he is vowed to chastity, poverty, and obedience. For Paul is a Brother.

Jane and Paul are real people. Men and women like them are probably working right now in your own community. They are members of organizations called "secular institutes."

Make a note of that name, if you haven't come across it before. Chances are you'll hear it again soon. The secular institutes are really attracting attention.

What are secular institutes? Well, perhaps the clearest way to describe them is to say that their members are just like Religious nuns and Brothers *except . . .* There are three "excepts." They involve their vows,



their places of residence, and their clothes.

Secular-institute vows are private, not public. The solemn vows of a Jesuit or the simple vows of a School Sister of Notre Dame are "public" because they are accepted by a legitimate ecclesiastical superior in the name of the Church. Men and women in secular institutes make their vows, as the Pope has said, "before God." They don't always take three vows. But they must take a vow of perfect chastity, and at least make promises of obedience and poverty.

Of course, the sphere of obedience for a garage mechanic or an architect may be more restricted than for a Christian Brother, but within that sphere the promise must be kept. Poverty, too, will obviously not mean the same thing for a private secretary as for a convent Sister. But in a true secular institute, the member makes a complete gift of himself. None of his income is at his own disposal. The institute, in turn, assumes full care of him. If he falls sick, it pays his medical bills.

No secular institute requires all its members to live together. In some institutes members normally do live together but may, with permission, live in private lodgings. There is a strict rule, however, that every institute must have, somewhere, one house of its own. "A very wise rule, too," says a member of an Italian institute.

"You can't fight a battle without a headquarters. And, of course, we need a place for retreats and similar exercises."

As to clothes, the Sister or Brother in a secular institute looks no different from anyone else. A few groups have a habit they wear when living inside a common house, but most do not.

The secular institutes really came of age in 1947. Some of them, however, were already over a quarter-century old. The Church had approved a few and encouraged their growth. But they did not have a clear-cut status or definite regulations.

Pope Pius XII's Apostolic Constitution *Provida Mater Ecclesiae* made the name, Secular Institutes, official and set up requirements. In 1948, the Holy Father in a *motu proprio* added a few more rules, and the Sacred Congregation of the Religious published a detailed explanation.

Pius XII scotched the notion that a secular institute meant a kind of half vocation, a part-time following of Christ. He defended it as a true state of perfection, a fulfilling of Christ's advice to those who want to be perfect: be poor, be chaste, be obedient.

Something else Pope Pius said shows why he was so eager to promote the growth of these groups. He strongly urged them not to ape ordinary Religious congregations. "The perfection must be practiced

and professed in the world," he said, "and so it should be accommodated to the life of the people in the world in all that is allowable." He urged members to dress, sleep, eat, and seek recreation as much as possible like the people among whom they lived and worked.

The Pope realized the great apostolic possibilities of such groups. Men and women could carry Christ daily into places where the cassock or the wimple would make most souls suspicious and hostile.

Look at just one area: the working-class district of Paris. In this notoriously anticlerical region, three secular groups have lately been accomplishing wonders. The astonishing Missionary Working Girls bring Christ to places where women are commonly debased and paganized. Many of them work as waitresses in bars and cheap cafés. They strike up friendships with female down-and-outers, win their confidence, do what they can to draw them toward a decent life. Their novitiate: two years on the assembly line of an auto factory, with Mass and spiritual exercises in the evening, after work.

The system was devised by the Abbé Marcel Roussel, a former country priest. He founded the group, with the encouragement of Cardinal Suhard. The cardinal refused to give him detailed instructions. "Pray," he said, "and do what the Holy Spirit tells you to do."

The novitiate finished, the girls live in teams of three. One visitor to the little novitiate reported, "Never in a Religious house have I seen such poverty—or such happiness." Groups of ten get together for evening meals—"for mutual support," the Abbé says. Their patron is St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus.

A similar group, *Le Nid* (the Nest), specializes in the rehabilitation of prostitutes and female alcoholics. Since 1946, they have taken in 300 prostitutes, and have restored 75% of them to normal life. *Le Nid* operates on the theory that wholesome family life furnishes the steadiest ladder to the woman who wants to climb out of the pit. They seek out derelicts and draw them to a Center for the first stages of conversion. Once on their feet, the women are given homes by Catholic families.

The young women of *Le Nid*, who perform such salvage operations in the murky depths of Paris, draw a constant flow of spiritual oxygen from daily Mass, common prayer, and meditation before the Blessed Sacrament. And they are frequently pulled to the surface: a full day in the country each week is compulsory.

The dress-as-you-please rule has been an equally great help to the Little Brothers of the Poor. These "friends of the last days," as they are popularly called, take care of destitute old people living helpless-

ly in decaying tenements. Their founder, Armand Marqueset, set the pattern at Easter, 1946, when he prepared and delivered 30 hot meals. The work is now carried on by about a dozen "permanents" and over a hundred auxiliaries who help the Brothers in their spare time.

In 1952, the Little Brothers distributed 25,000 hot meals, 10,000 food baskets, and 50 tons of fuel. They gave out 2,000 monetary allowances, and invited 200 old people to a month-long vacation at their two country houses. The French communist, striving feverishly to ignite anti-Catholic feeling among the poor, bites his lips over figures like those.

The problems attacked by the three Parisian groups show why secular institutes are *not* a reflection on established Religious orders. After all, uniformed police and plain-clothesmen are both essential. They show, too, why life for a member of a secular institute is not necessarily easier than that in a convent or monastery. "In some ways," says the superior of one group, "it is much harder. At any rate, candidates have to have real solidity and maturity. We won't consider a candidate under 18; and some institutes put the age much higher."

It is not, however, only in taverns and tenements that the spiritual secret agent is invaluable. One of the oldest institutes, *Opus Dei*,

works with intellectuals: engineers, lawyers, civil officials, professors. *Opus Dei* began in Madrid. It now has 200 houses in 30 countries, including two in the U. S., in Chicago and Boston.

For most U. S. Catholics, the secular institutes are still curiosities. Those that have taken root here are largely well-established institutes of European origin, like *Opus Dei*, or like the Schoenstatt Sisters of Mary, who have a house at Madison, Wis. There's a reason for that. An organization may apply to a bishop to become a secular institute only if it has all the requirements and is "sufficiently developed." It must prove that it has stability, and it can't very well do that until it has weathered several years.

In 1927, Father Vincent Lebbe, a Belgian missionary, founded an institute of women called the International Catholic Auxiliaries. He'd found that in China, as also in Paris, there were situations in which the plainly garbed worker had a better chance. His institute is now busy building up an élite among native women, training them to train others.

There is also a Discalced Carmelite institute of "contemplatives in the world." It is called the Institute of Our Lady of Life. Its basic aim is edification by example. Having flourished in France since 1932, it is now taking steps to set up a foundation in the U. S.

How fertile will our soil prove for these groups? Unquestionably it will be some time before they are viewed as a normal part of our Catholic life, like Forty Hours devotion or Communion breakfasts or the Holy Name society. But it is tempting to speculate on what the growth of the secular institutes in the average American diocese would mean. It would mean that the bishop would have on call for special tasks consecrated men and women holding regular jobs in the world. There would be teachers and librarians among them, factory workers and businessmen, nurses and doctors.

It would mean that overburdened parish priests could place many secondary duties in capable, dedicated hands. In France, a confraternity of young men called the Auxiliaries of the Clergy teach catechism, print parish bulletins, visit lapsed families, and direct youth groups.

It would mean the growth of a great variety of charitable institutions. The Company of St. Paul, in Milan, supports a social work center so gigantic that a New Yorker is instantly reminded of the Public Health department. It includes an orphanage, a medical dispensary, a night school for workers, a film center, and at least ten other departments.

It would mean a strengthening and an enriching of the Catholic press. That same Company of St. Paul publishes eight periodicals, as well as numerous books and pamphlets.

Most important, it would mean that another way of acquiring perfection would be near at hand. It is a way for which certain persons are peculiarly suited. They are the men and women whom Christ, in his continuing campaign to conquer the world, singles out to be his undercover agents and commandos.

How Your Church Can Raise Money



During Lent last year, the Altar and Rosary society members of our parish of St. Teresa in Lincoln, Neb., visited parishioners and friends and took orders for Easter candles, Easter eggs, and Easter candy. We bought the

candles and candy wholesale. During Holy Week, the women decorated the candles and chocolate eggs with a beautiful Easter symbol, using pastel-colored frosting. Then we packaged the orders and delivered them. The society, after deducting expenses, made \$115 on the project.

Mrs. Kenneth Dodge.

[Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned—Ed.]

The Dream Ship

Her designer still walks the "shipping row" of Manhattan's Battery area

By BILL ROSS

Condensed from *Ships and the Sea**

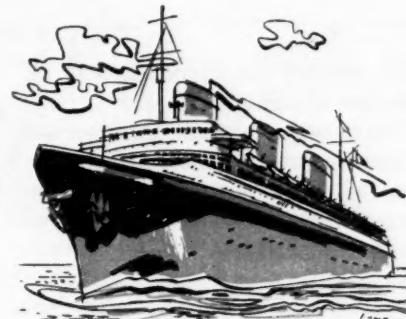
EARLY IN 1930, word trickled out of France that the French Line planned to build a 1000-foot liner with a tonnage greater than any ship afloat. The giant flagship would be built in the Penhoet shipyards at St. Nazaire. She would be powered by turboelectric engines, in itself a revolutionary step in a vessel this size, and her accommodations would be the most magnificent ever created.

Work was begun on the sleek hull which then carried the official designation T-6, her builder's number. It was nearly five years before the ship made her maiden voyage.

By October, 1931, further details had been made public about the ship, but work dragged, largely because of the global depression.

From the beginning, it was a tremendous financial undertaking. Her \$70-million cost in 1935 would probably hit \$200 million at today's costs. But the French Line never for an instant stopped work on the "dream ship."

Continued hard times forced postponement of the first run, which



was originally scheduled for April, 1933. Marcel Oliver, chairman of the board of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, official corporate name of the French Line, regretfully announced the great day would not come until "sometime in 1935."

All the while, an international guessing game was under way over what the ship would be named. Nothing officially had been said, but it was widely rumored that the T-6 ultimately would be christened *Doumer*, honoring the recently assassinated President of France. Many other names were mentioned, including virtually every great figure in French history and even some Americans, Benjamin Franklin, General Pershing, and Charles A. Lindbergh, for instance.

But just ten days before the ship went down the ways, it was officially announced that the name *Normandie* had been selected. That name was chosen to honor the Normandy region of France, which, company officials pointed out, "has bred countless hardy mariners who

*1027 N. 7th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis. Spring, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Kalmbach Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

have carried the French flag to all corners of the globe."

Skies were overcast the day the *Normandie* was launched. But there was a spirit of gaiety as Mme. Lebrun, wife of the President of France, smashed a six-quart bottle of sparkling champagne against the massive hull. The date was Oct. 29, 1932, actually 667 days after the keel had been laid Jan. 26, 1931.

So monstrous was the streamlined hull that it took 41 tons of suet, two and a half tons of lard, and one ton of grease for the launching ways. About 100 overenthusiastic persons, who had crowded too close, were swept into the water by the backwash. None was injured.

Another two and one-half years passed before the *Normandie* embarked on her spectacular maiden voyage to New York from Le Havre. That date was May 29, 1935, and in the time between launching and commissioning one of the most bitter "battles" in the history of merchant shipping was waged.

The British had resumed work on the *Queen Mary*, and were determined to keep valid the slogan that "Britannia rules the waves." Officials of the Cunard Line announced that the *Queen Mary* would be the "world's largest ship," with a tonnage of 81,235. However, the *Normandie* was thereupon upped from its original 60,000 tons to 83,400 tons by a juggling feat of

redesign. It was then too late for the British to do anything about it.

Thus when the *Normandie* began her maiden voyage she was the world's largest ship, obviously to the utter disdain of the British who, by then, had decided to build the *Queen Elizabeth* to recapture their prestige.

A determined whispering campaign was waged to keep passengers off the *Normandie* on her maiden crossing. The gist of the remarks was that there would be "no nonsense about women and children first in the lifeboats when the *Normandie* goes down," and other ludicrous claptrap. True, most persons took the whole thing as a joke, but obviously there were some who believed that this radically designed vessel would crack in half on a huge wave, blow up, burn, or break down in mid-ocean on her maiden voyage.

When the *Normandie* hit the open sea, it quickly became evident that she would do everything that had been hoped for by the designers and builders. As the trip progressed, there was little doubt that the 1,715 passengers were making the initial transocean crossing of a new Atlantic speed queen.

As the sleek superliner sped past Ambrose light and entered the outer reaches of New York harbor, where a tumultuous welcome awaited her, Capt. René Pugnet ordered the blue pennant of speed supremacy run up on the main truck. It was

11:02 A.M. on June 3, 1935, and at that moment the ship was four days, 11 hours, 42 minutes out of Southampton, England. Average speed had been 29.04 knots; later, in her continuing battle with the soon-to-be-commissioned *Queen Mary* for the speed crown, the French vessel was to rack up a record of 31.2 knots on a west-bound crossing.

Just one thing marred the spectacular success of the first crossing. Excessive vibration, caused by faultily designed propellers, made some accommodations unlivable. It was said that trunks placed in the center of some third-class staterooms were likely to chase the passengers about the rooms. But this was soon remedied.

So impressed were the usually blasé New Yorkers that some 17,000 of them paid 50¢ to view the marvels of her interior during the *Normandie's* first stay at Pier 88. Visitors were flabbergasted by the fantastically large yet exquisite main dining room. They were awe-struck by the plush staterooms, formal gardens, theater, night club, and chapel. Some even tried to count the ship's 1,100 telephones. New Yorkers, whether they ever had hopes of traveling aboard her or not, wished to see this dream ship that boasted 14,570 tablecloths, 226,000 napkins, 150,000 plain towels, 38,000 bed sheets, 56,860 plates, 1,650 salt and pepper shakers, 28,120 cups and saucers.

In the spring of 1936, the new *Queen Mary* entered service and surpassed the speed mark of the *Normandie*. But the French dream ship was far from finished; she recaptured the Blue Ribbon from the British vessel the following March.

It was in July, 1938, that the *Normandie* made her 100th crossing. French Line officials observed the occasion by pointing out that the ship held all Atlantic speed records: average speed, elapsed time, and record run. The *Queen Mary* later was to eclipse the record run by 0.4 knot, but she had 20% more horsepower than her heavier competitor.

By then, war seemed certain. Still the *Normandie* continued her runs and, for the first time in her career, had an excess of passenger accommodations.

On Aug. 31, 1939, Hitler unleashed his armies on Poland. The *Normandie* was in New York, about to sail for Southampton and Le Havre. But her departure had been delayed by U.S. authorities, who were checking to see if she was carrying arms in violation of the Neutrality act. When Hitler overran France he immediately laid claim to the great ship, but to no avail.

It was not an easy period for the *Normandie's* crew, whose families were in occupied France or in the Vichy France area, both beyond contact. The crew, under Staff

Capt. Albert Zanger, also had been reduced from its normal complement of 1,400 to 115. The others were simply refugees, drifting about New York.

Once a month, the U.S. Coast Guard would board the vessel to see that the seal on the ship's radio had not been broken, the only inspection of security.

On May 15, 1941, the U.S. got around to actually seizing the *Normandie*. A crew of Coast Guardsmen boarded the ship and were toasted in champagne by the French crew. Five days after Pearl Harbor, the navy took over the *Normandie*, renamed her the *Lafayette*, and began her conversion into a troopship.

Almost daily, a wisp of a man would arrive at the pier and go aboard to see the progress. He was Vladimir Yourkevitch, the *Normandie*'s designer. To him, it was a real tragedy of war, for he had never intended that his ship be used for anything but pleasure.

The conversion was just getting well under way on Feb. 9, 1942. A bitter wind whipped across the Hudson river and sent a shiver of near-zero cold up and down the man-made canyons of Manhattan. Shortly after 2 P.M. the breeze began to carry a heavy pall of smoke across the city. Most people didn't give the pall of smoke much more than passing thought.

Some 2,000 men were at work on the interior of the great hull. A

spark shower fell from an acetylene torch and ignited a pile of inflammable life preservers, and the flames touched off a pile of mattresses near by. The blaze spread with such speed that sabotage was suspected. It is a matter of record that security precautions were lax.

The first alarm sounded at 43 minutes past noon. Within two hours fire engines had been called from every borough of the city.

Almost with the first fire engine, Mayor LaGuardia arrived on the scene. As the fire engulfed more and more of the vessel, the mayor was joined by Fire Commissioner Patrick Walsh who, reporters at the scene said, confidently told La Guardia at 5:15 P.M., "I think we can hold her now."

Also on the scene was Yourkevitch, who heard the ship's captain implore navy officers to permit French seamen to board the ship, open her sea cocks, and let her sink into the silt. An early tide was threatening the balance of the ship, already top-heavy with tons of water poured into her three upper decks by firefighters.

But the Frenchman's suggestion was brushed aside. And so, in the dark of night, the gallant *Normandie* gave up the fight and rolled gently to her side. The dream ship was dead.

Damage from the fire was not great. But it was evident that the overturned *Normandie* would never sail again.

The navy decided to salvage the hull, and spent \$5 million on the project. Principal gain was that the mammoth job enabled the navy to train some 400 students in the important work of diving and other ship-salvage operations. On Oct. 27, 1943, the *Normandie*, minus her superstructure, was again on an even keel. By then, the navy had no use for the hull.

The *Normandie* started her last voyage on Thanksgiving day, 1946.

With the name of the junk dealer who had bought her for scrap painted in box-car letters across the still beautiful hull, the *Normandie* was towed to New Jersey and broken up.

The dream ship was no more. But Vladimir Yourkevitch is still a familiar figure along "shipping row" in Manhattan's Battery area. He still gets a dreamy look in his blue eyes when the *Normandie* is mentioned.

One Doorbell

I WAS TAKING a parish census, and coming towards the end of a block. Every Catholic on the street had assured me, unasked, that there were no Catholics in the last four houses on the block. Nobody wanted me to ring those doorbells. "Don't bother to go there, Sister. You can never tell what they'll say to you."

I went anyway. There was a friendly young woman at the first house. She said there were no Catholics in the family, but that she would like to talk to me about a problem if I could spare the time.

The problem was that her daughter wished to go to a Catholic school and to attend Mass with her friends. "She gets it from her father, I suppose," said the worried mother. "My husband used to be a Catholic, you know. The children were baptized in the Catholic Church as babies, because his mother insisted."

The young mother listened gravely to what I had to offer as a solution to the problem, and she began to realize that the Catholic faith was the children's birthright. She was willing to cooperate, but wanted me to come back and talk to their father, too.

I stood up to leave, and the woman added that she herself, as a young girl, had often gone to Mass, and admired the Church. After talking this over, and inviting her to take instructions, I again prepared to leave. This time she volunteered, "My husband's brother is supposed to be a Catholic, too, but he quit going to church when he got married by a justice of the peace. He's living here with us." I sat down again to get the information on this case.

Now I was really leaving. I had just reached the bottom step of the porch when my hostess opened the door and called, "Sister, I forgot to tell you. I've got two roomers living upstairs who ought to be Catholics, too." In all, eight souls were waiting behind the door where "there were no Catholics."

Sister Mary Rosa, P.V.M.I., in *Parish Visitor* (Feb. '55).

A Corporation With a Social Conscience

*Not only do better homes make better markets but from
better homes come better young people*

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

YOUR DAUGHTER, or mine, may be the girl selected as the American Homemaker of Tomorrow at a banquet in Philadelphia on April 21. Whoever she is, she will be one of 189,760 graduating high-school seniors all over the U.S. now awaiting the results of a test they took on Jan. 12.

The national winner's reward will be substantial. Her title will be far more satisfying than that bestowed upon any beauty-contest winner, for her name will be proclaimed as that of a girl supremely equipped for marriage and homemaking. But apart from that, she will receive a \$5,000 college scholarship, a diamond-studded gold homemaker's pin, and the opportunity to make an educational, expense-paid tour of the nation.

The project, labeled the Betty Crocker Search for the American Homemaker of Tomorrow, is sponsored by General Mills of Minneapolis. It is but one of many public-service projects in which the world's largest milling corporation engages. The projects involve local, state, and national awards; they include a total of \$75,500 in scholarships, 48 expense-paid trips, and personal

recognition. Company officials do not reveal the exact amount being spent, but payments for other items, including research, promotion expense, and the hiring of experts, will boost the \$75,500 considerably.

I caught an inkling of the enthusiasm for the Search among the eligible high-school girls when my own daughter Ruth came home the evening of Jan. 12, announcing that she had taken the test, and proudly exhibited a vocational-guidance booklet on homemaking she had received as a participant. The written examination was 80% objective and 20% subjective, and required no advance study. In fact, no special preparation was possible.

The school winner would receive a pin emblematic of Pliny's maxim, "Home is where the heart is." It is a heart surmounted by three wisps of wheat.

I confess that I was somewhat puzzled. Huge corporations are interested primarily in sales and profits, aren't they? How could a big industry so stir the feelings of a teen-age girl? At the General Mills home offices in Minneapolis, I discovered the answer. There I was introduced to Charles H. Bell, the

affable and easy-mannered president, as well as other company staff men and women directly engaged in the Search.

I asked Mr. Bell to express his views on the social responsibilities of a great corporation. He translated "social responsibility" into "corporate citizenship," and told me, "Our efforts and interests and activities over the last ten or 15 years pretty much answer that question, I think."

Then he listed some of the many civic enterprises in which the company itself and its personnel individually have been participating: sponsorship of Junior Achievement units; nutrition-research programs to the tune of \$1,500,000; economic-education programs tailored to the age groups to be reached; Community Chest campaigns; hospital-benefit drives—not to mention welfare programs designed for the benefit of the company's own employees.

"All of these things have been for the good of the country as a whole; certainly they have not resulted in any direct business for our company. We believe that a company such as ours should make its contribution toward a better way of living for all; what is good for the country is good for business in general."

Then I was referred to the printed statement of basic policies on which the corporation operates. The chairman of the board Harry A. Bullis

stated, "All of our plans must be on the basis of what will be good for the country, not alone on what will be good for business. We must keep in mind always the good of the whole people. If we did not, any gains we made would be transitory. The goal toward which each man and woman is working is a simple one: a better standard of living. The goal of industry is identical with that of the average man. This approach alone can bring lasting internal peace, understanding, and cooperation."

Things began to clear with respect to the problem of how a great corporation could stir the souls of teen-age girls whom many of us suspect of being chiefly interested in dates and dances.

President Bell places great emphasis on research, and, with his father, he says, "You can influence research environmentally, but you cannot lead it. You must follow where research leads."

The Search for the American Homemaker of Tomorrow is a direct result of that conviction. Now, General Mills has a Betty Crocker, a composite of all the home economists working for the company. Actually, there are 22 women who work for the company as Betty Crocker.

Betty was always ready to give good advice on cooking and home arts. But the mail she received contained many more subjects than cooking; it even included questions

ordinarily addressed to the editors of advice-to-the-lovelorn.

Betty finally began to feel that she might make a social welfare contribution. Her problem was assigned to the company's department of public service (now public relations), and as such fell into the laps of Nate L. Crabtree, director of the department; Cyril W. Platten, department manager; A. Louis Champlin, assistant department manager; Clancy Strock, editor of house publications; Janette Kelley, director of the Betty Crocker Home Service department; and several others.

The group came up with some surprising facts. For example, they learned that although there are plenty of textbooks on various facets of homemaking, such as cooking, sewing, decoration, health, child care, not one vocational-guidance book on homemaking as such was in existence. Nevertheless, census figures showed them that 80% of all high-school girl graduates marry within five years of graduation, only 20% going on to college or into the business and professional world. Why shouldn't Betty Crocker enlist the cooperation of the schools, gather up the loose ends of things being taught in isolation, and weave them into a homemaking whole?

At this point, Mr. Crabtree picked up the findings on his desk, and laid them before President Bell. Mr. Bell listened attentively.

The portraits of his father, who founded General Mills, and of his grandfather, who oversaw the growth of a predecessor company for 26 years, hang in the board room adjoining the president's office. Without a glance in the direction of his ancestors, Mr. Bell said, "I like that."

Now Betty Crocker and her associates redoubled their efforts on ways and means of making high-school seniors realize the dignity and satisfaction of a homemaking career. Many ideas were put forth, rolled around, jumped on, examined minutely, and discarded. One was a proposal to make a new home the grand prize. No, the schools frowned on such prizes. But scholarships? Ah, Yes.

A national advisory committee was set up. It consists of the following: Mrs. Theodore S. Chapman, president, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Dorothy Dyer, president, National Council of Family Relations, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis; Wymond J. Ehrenkrook, principal, East Denver High school, Denver, Colo.; Miss Florence Fallgatter, chairman, Home Economics education, Iowa State college, Ames, Iowa; George Shattuck, principal, Norwich Free academy, Norwich, Conn.; Sister Mary Janet, S.C., curriculum consultant, secondary schools, Commission on American Citizenship, Catholic University of America, Washing-

ton, D. C.; Virgil Frampton, principal Bell High school, Los Angeles; Miss Mary Gillies, principal, Flower Technical High school, Chicago; Mrs. Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert, past president, American Home Economics association, New York City; Dr. Mary E. Meade, principal, Washington Irving High school, New York City; R. B. Norman, principal, Amarillo High school, Amarillo, Texas; Mrs. Pearl A. Wanamaker, superintendent of Public Instruction, State Department of Public Instruction, Olympia, Wash.; and James C. Wright, superintendent of schools, Keokuk, Iowa.

Each member of the committee is nationally known, and familiar with the methods and goals of education today. They agreed to make themselves available for consultation; they were given the right to review any aspect of the project at any time, and they did. They will attend the national-award dinner in Philadelphia.

Then General Mills, with the help of the advisory committee and other experts, devised in poster form a "Profile of the Homemakers of Tomorrow," emphasizing the home as the basic social, cultural, and economic unit of society. The chart, upon which the Jan. 12 examinations were based, covers family relationships, spiritual and moral values, child development and care, health and safety, use and conservation of human and physi-

cal resources, money management, recreation and use of leisure time, home care and beautification, community participation, and continuing education.

Then they prepared a booklet on Homemaking, subtitled Betty Crocker's Guide to the Greatest Career in the World. Directed to women, it was prepared by women and was checked by scientists, and underwent 21 revisions before publication. It was planned to print 100,000 copies of this booklet, a copy of which was given to each girl the day she took her test, but the print order was upped three times to a final figure of 225,000 copies.

Next came the tests themselves. They were developed by an independent, nationally accredited testing organization, Science Research Associates, of Chicago, who also scored and judged the girls' papers. Schools and teachers will be given manuals pointing up and summarizing national results, to aid them in future teaching.

Care was taken to avoid any possible objection to the plan by school authorities. Nevertheless, one state school superintendent did object strenuously, on general principles, until the plan was laid before him in detail—then he became one of its most ardent supporters. Acceptance of the program went far beyond any initial expectations.

The necessary permissions obtained, announcements were sent

out to the individual high-school principals. In some instances follow-up letters were necessary; in all, three mailings were made, including distribution of 45,000 profile charts. The mailing, and tabulation of entries, kept Myrna Nissen and her crew of four other girls busy up to the closing day for entries, Dec. 1.

General Mills went to experts for estimates on possible participation before launching the program. Company officials figured that at best they could expect 80,000 girls in 3,000 schools to take part, out of the 24,000 high schools with 600,000 graduating seniors in the class of 1955. Actually, by Dec. 1, entries had been received for 189,760 girls in 8,224 schools, or one out of every three eligible young women and schools. The ratio ran even a little higher for the Catholic schools.

Besides the \$3,500 scholarship and diamond pin going to the national winner, awards will be made at the school and state levels. In each high school, the girl scoring highest on the test will receive the local golden award pin, as well as a cookbook for herself and one that

will be sent to her school library.

From among the local winners will be selected a State Homemaker of Tomorrow. She will receive a \$1,500 college scholarship and the golden ruby-jeweled state-award pin; and she and one teacher from her school will get an expense-paid five-day trip to Washington, D. C., colonial Williamsburg, Va., and the banquet in Philadelphia, where the national winner will be announced on April 21. A set of the latest *Encyclopaedia Britannica* will be given to the high-school libraries of state winners.

Whoever the girl soon to be known as the American Homemaker of Tomorrow may be, she will be chosen on the basis of her written examination and personal observation by the National Advisory council of educators and other leading citizens.

Thus has a mighty corporation chosen to spotlight the work being done by schools in preparing young people for their places in the world. Thus has it striven to increase the prestige of homemaking in the eyes of your girl and my girl and of all high-school girls and the public in general.



Sampling

A TEXAN ORDERED steak in a high class Washington café. When the waitress placed his order before him, he picked up the small portion, examined it critically and said, "Yes, that's what I want. Bring me some."

Coronet (Nov. '54).

Teaching Little Children to Pray

"... wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?"

By MARY REED NEWLAND
Condensed from "We and Our Children"*



PRAYING is a personal matter. After all, it is conversation with God, and conversation with someone you love ought to be entirely personal—warm and intimate, full of secrets and praises and declarations of love. Children's praying ought to be fun too, most of the time, because it offers a chance to talk as much as you like.

Yet when it comes to teaching children to pray, many parents think of prayer more as recitation than as conversation.

From a child's point of view, it is rather bleak to start your life of prayer just by learning a lot of half-understood phrases by heart, and then repeating them whenever mother says you must. Why not teach children that they can pray any time, in almost any words they choose? And they can begin to pray while they are very little, say, three or four.

The first thing, after "Dear Blessed Jesus," or whatever they like to call Him, could be their

own little *Confiteor*—though of course they won't call it that.

It is easier to settle down to a really good talk with God after one gets the sins out of the way.

The child must be sure that his parents will not scold him if he reveals some carefully concealed guilt of the day. His sins are sins against God, not his parents, and he will not hesitate to drag out the most jealously guarded secrets if he is certain his parents understand that he is confessing to God, not to them. They must resist the temptation to lecture.

Sometimes the child will charge into night prayers loudly with, "I was very good today, God!" Then you have to teach him to say something like, "I tried to be good today, but if I did anything to offend You, I am sorry. Please help me never to offend You again."

Not all of our own children are shouters at prayers, but we have had some who were, and their attempts to make themselves heard

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'way off in Heaven certainly robbed their prayers, while not of sincerity, at least of privacy. Learning that God is near, is here, is everywhere; and that He can hear even whispered prayers and secret thoughts, is a wonderful discovery for children. Incidentally, this point covers one whole lesson in the catechism.

"Where is God? If God is everywhere, why do we not see Him? Does God see us? Does God know all things? Can God do all things?"

The answers to all these questions can be learned in the course of the many interruptions to night prayers. The little child is likely to ask, "How can He hear me if I don't even see Him? When did He come in? Did He come in the door? Can He come through the wall? If I just think my prayers, can He hear them?"

Next come the petitions. "God blessing" is a part of every child's prayers, but it is doubtful whether little ones understand what it really means. It helps if they have a definite favor to ask with the blessings: "God bless my mother and father and help them with their work. God bless my granny and help her knee to get better," and so on. And when the lists of intentions have grown so long it would take until dawn to name them, cut it down to "all those for whom we ought to pray."

Children do not find it hard to

believe that God is able to "keep a list" of intentions and benefactors to be prayed for.

Next, "Please help us all to be saints." Grownups often have a perverse kind of humility which prompts them to aspire to no more than Purgatory. But children want to be saints. It is part of knowing God and loving Him, and wanting to be with Him in Heaven. We cheat them when we forget to teach them to ask daily for help to be saints.

Spiritual and temporal needs over with, they can turn to the joy that is simply loving God. "I love You, blessed Jesus, and I love Your blessed Mother." This must be the part He listens for the hardest. We encourage our children to say it over and over until their whole idea of God is bound up with their love for Him.

After the loving comes the thanking; one follows the other with ease. "And thank you for . . ." each night a different blessing, from babies and books to lollipops and circuses—anything and everything—so that they will see that their world is full of blessings straight from the hand of God.

Gradually, as they grow older, the form of their prayers will change. When they attend parochial school and Sister recommends certain practices, we help to put these into effect. The children will learn formal prayers, prayers proper to each liturgical season, family

Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, Mass preparations. But the approach to their prayers remains unchanged: contrition, asking, praising, and thanksgiving are in all these. If they understand, above all, that prayer is talking to God, they have gained something that will never leave them.

Don't expect, however, that children will always *wish* to pray. When "Time for prayers" is greeted with moans and groans, we explain that saying prayers when you least care to, simply because you love God, is the way to gain the greatest merit for them. Many times the saints had trouble getting excited about prayers, but they said them anyway because they knew a prayer's value had nothing to do with how eagerly they went about saying them.

And that brings us to work as a form of prayer.

At first, learning to make one's bed, dry the dishes, or polish shoes, is fun. It's a kind of play at being grown up, but soon the novelty wears off and the chores become drudgery. But to a child there is a great difference between doing things because you are told you must, and doing them because they can be applied to the sufferings of some other child somewhere. There are other children in the world who have no beds to make, who spend their nights shivering, starved, unhappy, with no one to care for them. The child who real-

izes this sees good reason to try to make his bed with care instead of pulling up the covers to hide the ripples underneath. Smoothing the sheets, and squaring the corners, and plumping the pillows, can be acts of love and dedication for a little girl. And one of the finest things about teaching children that work is prayer is that mothers cannot help having the lesson rub off on themselves.

There is suffering, too, in the lives of children, and it can be eloquent prayer. Every mother in the world kisses the bumps and bruises of her children to "make them well." At the same time, she has an opportunity to point out that pain can be offered up. It is surprising how willingly children learn the lesson of pain and its value. "Offer it to Jesus, dear, to help comfort Him for the pain of the nails in His hands and feet."

Many times parents will join their children in scolding the "naughty chair" or the "bad table" to ease the pain of a child who has hurt himself. In the process, they feed little desires for vengeance, and give him no recourse but senseless, continuing rebellion against anything and everything that crosses him. Such attitudes are too often carried into adult life. Many a vindictive nature had its beginning in childhood when the only solace for a barked shin was, "Naughty chair to hurt the baby. Kick it back, sonny, kick it back."

We can teach little children to practice even mental prayer. Mental prayer is simply "lifting the heart and the mind to God." And for children who understand that prayer is talking to God, it is no more difficult than daydreaming.

At our house we play a kind of game which is really mental prayer, but which the children call, "What shall I think about before I go to sleep?"

"Why don't you pretend you are walking down a street in Nazareth, and you come to a little house with a blue door. You knock at the door, and when it opens, there is the most beautiful lady in the world. Blessed Mother! And she says, 'Why, Jamie! I was just thinking of you. Do come in and have a glass of milk and some cookies and we'll have a talk. Tell me all about your day. All the things that bothered you, and all the things that were fun. And afterwards, you may go out to the

carpenter shop in the back. Jesus and Joseph are out there working. Maybe they will let you help. And then you can go to the well with Jesus and get the water, and help Him milk the goat, and pick the peas for supper.'"

From there on they manage by themselves (I know because they tell me). Sometimes they go up into the hills with Jesus to explore, or sometimes they pack their lunch and eat it by a brook. Sometimes they stay in the shop and Joseph helps them make a toy.

To wander the last corridors of sleep with all the persons of the fairy tales, with Little Black Sambo and Thumbelina and Peter Pan, is fun, but at best only entertainment; but to walk the streets with Jesus, sit with his mother, work with his stepfather, to talk and eat and play with Him—this is fun that fans their love and teaches them a habit of mental prayer that may well last their lifetimes.



Miss Misses Missal

A CERTAIN TELEVISION actress is minus her favorite prayer book. She knows where it is and who has it, but she will never be able to reclaim it.

It seems that this lady is accustomed to jotting down ideas for her TV shows whenever they occur to her. One Sunday she made a note in her prayer book—and then left the book in church after Mass.

Her hopes of recovering it were rudely shattered the following Sunday morning when the priest, holding up the missing book, announced, "Someone left this behind last Sunday. Unfortunately, it doesn't contain the name of the owner—only a rather peculiar note in the back, 'When the pistol goes off, kick father in the pants.'"

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Sept. '54).

Ham Radio Is for You!

A new novice license approved by the FCC makes amateur radio an easy hobby for anybody

By WALKER A. TOMPKINS

Condensed from *Parents' Magazine**

THE FIFTH-GRADERS were studying about Africa. "Sandra," the teacher asked, "suppose you tell the class what you know about Liberia."

Sandra peeped at her notes. "Well," she began, "Liberia is on the west coast of Africa. Most of its inhabitants are cannibals who hide in the jungles. It is near the Equator, and the weather is terribly hot the year round...."

Ten-year-old Bobby Fiske frowned.

"Bobby seems to differ with you, Sandra," the teacher laughed. "Shall we get his views on what Liberia is like?"

Bobby stood up eagerly. "Well, Sandy is right about some things," he conceded, "but I was talking to a boy in Liberia yesterday—his name is Jimmy Dawe and his father works for an American rubber plantation. He said March was their hottest month and even then it never got much over 80°. I would have found out a lot more, only Mom called me to supper...."

No one laughed. Bobby's classmates were impressed, but not

skeptical. They had listened to Bobby's accounts of other surprising conversations he had had this semester—with a Finnish fisherman off the Alaskan coast, a Siberian farmer boy behind the Iron Curtain, a GI stationed on Okinawa, and many more.

These chats were not flights of imagination. They took place regularly at the Fiske house. For Bobby, along with 120,000 other Americans between the ages of seven and 87, is a "ham" radio operator who owns his own private home broadcasting station.

Only recently has ham radio become a hobby the entire family can



*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17. February, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Parents' Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

share. Thousands of parents and teen-agers are discovering this most fascinating and democratic of past-times. Its devotees are young and old of both sexes, the rich and the poor, farmer and city dweller.

"Hamming" is as old as radio. But the stimulus that lifted it from the little-known hobby of the few to the pleasure of the average family was the authorization, in July, 1951, of the "Novice" apprentice license by the Federal Communications commission.

This beginner's license was intended to encourage young people to become interested in electronics. In an atomic age, our national survival may well depend upon having a reservoir of trained technicians in peace and war. Most governments recognize this need; the only countries that forbid their radio amateurs to talk beyond their borders are Indonesia, Indo-China, Thailand, Iran, and Korea.

The Novice license brought a deluge of 1,000 applications a month to FCC from every corner of the country. Teen-agers who had been frittering away their leisure time began to crowd the rooms where examinations were given. FCC officials were delighted. But they got one surprise. Half of the newcomers were grownups.

Fathers who hadn't known enough about electricity to fix a lamp cord found themselves having the time of their lives. Mothers thought bridge clubs rather dull

after picking up a microphone and swapping recipes and ideas with another housewife a thousand miles away.

Why this universal appeal of ham radio? The answers are as varied as individual temperaments.

Bobby Fiske, who had a ham friend in Liberia, most enjoys "working DX (distance)"—chatting with fellow amateurs around the globe. Bobby can't speak anything but English, but that's no handicap to him; ham radio long ago discovered how to topple the Tower of Babel.

The secret is the "International Q-Code," a list of simple three-letter symbols with universal meanings. For instance, QTH means "Where do you live?" to Hottentot or Hungarian. Similarly, QRT means "I must stop now"; QRX, "Please wait a moment."

We Americans use a dot-and-dash slang all our own. Every male operator is an OM (Old Man) regardless of age. A YL is a young lady operator, who becomes an XYL when she marries. HI is the Morse-code chuckle, HI HI is a resounding guffaw. FB means "fine business!" The numerals 73 mean "best regards." BCNU, of course, could only be hamee for "I'll be seein' you!"

When two hams contact each other over the air, they usually confirm this by exchanging postcards—"QSL cards"—bearing their call letters and other information.

Visit any ham's "shack" (the name given his radio room, be it in a coldwater flat or a millionaire's penthouse) and you will probably find the walls papered with QSL cards.

Most hams build their own sending sets. Radar and television owe their rapid growth to early pioneering by amateur experimenters. Short-wave communication is a ham product.

Hams are no longer content merely to girdle the globe; they are now eyeing the universe. Two young hams in Falls Church, Va., recently beamed their signals into outer space and, three seconds later, heard their message echo back from the moon—after a round trip of 478,000 miles!

But getting back to earth—how would you go about taking up amateur radio as a family hobby?

Bobby Fiske's case is typical. He was exposed to the radio "bug" when a neighbor boy won his Boy Scout radio merit badge. Bobby at once clamored for a station of his own. But Mr. and Mrs. Fiske were dubious. They compromised by renting a "communications receiver." Bobby was now a Short-Wave Listener.

Out of idle curiosity, Bobby's parents listened too. They heard the southern drawl of a Georgia tobacco grower arguing baseball with a Boston fan with a Back Bay accent. A Kansas wheat farmer was bringing an Idaho lumberjack up

to date on Dick Tracy. And then the Fisks heard their next-door neighbor in a round-table chat with amateurs in Cairo, London, and Buenos Aires!

It didn't take many evenings of this before the whole Fiske family succumbed to an irresistible urge to join the fun. But Mrs. Fiske had to be practical. This hobby seemed too good to be true. Before investing time and money on ham radio, Mrs. Fiske had a few questions she wanted answered in advance.

How much does ham radio cost? A basic station—receiver, transmitter and antenna—sells from \$45 up in build-yourself kits. Factory equipment is priced from \$100 to \$3,000. The average ham has around \$100 worth of secondhand gear. Repair costs are negligible. As for boosting the light bill, an amateur radio station draws less current than your electric iron.

How much space is required? A writing desk or bridge table is ample room for even an advanced station. In city apartments, whip antennas similar to those on car radios can be installed on a window ledge. On the farm or suburban lot, single-wire roof antennas from 33 to 135 feet are used.

Is ham radio dangerous for children? Any electrical device is potentially lethal if you touch a live wire. High-voltage circuits in ham equipment are inaccessible when the set is in operation. Ham-radio

gear is no more hazardous than your TV.

Your local civil defense, Red Cross, Boy Scouts, or police department will be happy to sign you up for emergency duty—especially if you have a miniature transmitter and receiver in your car. FCC records are full of heroic tales of the roles played by hams during floods, earthquakes, fires, hurricanes, or epidemics.

With these thoughts in mind, Bobby Fiske's mother decided ham radio was worth while. So Bobby took the next step: he sent away for a copy of the booklet, *How to Become a Radio Amateur*. This booklet and other literature on ham radio may be obtained from the American Radio Relay League, West Hartford 7, Conn. The booklet Bobby received explains in the simplest terms what makes radio work; it shows how to build a receiver for around \$15, a transmitter for even less.

The Fisks learned that all you have to do to get a Novice license is to be able to send and receive International Morse code at the rate of five words a minute, and pass an elementary written exam on basic radio theory and federal regulations.

The boy next door taught Bobby and his parents how to send and receive code in about two weeks' time. Other beginners have rented code-practice machines utilizing punched tapes, or Morse code

phonograph records. To prepare for the FCC written test, Bobby sent to ARRL for a *License Manual*, which gives typical FCC questions and answers which can be memorized in a few evenings. It was not long before Bobby wrote to his nearest FCC district office for application forms and examination papers.

Since June, 1954, federal law allows Novice tests to be taken at home, in the presence of a licensed amateur. The notarized papers are mailed back to the district FCC office. There are no fees in connection with obtaining an amateur radio operator's license, but only American citizens can qualify.

While waiting for their licenses and station calls to arrive, Bobby and his father built a transmitter from the illustrated directions in their ARRL beginner's booklet.

Few experiences in life can equal for thrills and suspense the moment when the mailman brings your "ticket" and you switch in your key or microphone to put your first CQ (calling all stations!) on the air. Who will answer? It may be a movie star in Hollywood or a cowboy on an Arizona ranch.

The Novice license expires in one year and cannot be renewed. By that time, however, most hams have absorbed enough advanced theory and built their code speed up to 13 words per minute and they can pass the "General Class" examination. A General license is

good for life, if renewed by mail every five years.

Most cities have amateur radio clubs where local enthusiasts get together. More and more high schools are giving radio courses.

Doctors recognize ham radio's therapeutic benefits, and it is being encouraged in veterans' hospitals. For the spastic, blind, or otherwise handicapped person, radio is a godsend, since it literally brings the whole world to the shut-in. Polio victims have even operated radio stations from iron lungs!

As a deterrent to juvenile delinquency, amateur radio has the enthusiastic endorsement of PTA, churches, social-service groups, and law-enforcement agencies.

Ham radio may bring unexpected drama to your fingertips. Don

Wherry, a schoolboy living on a farm near Churdan, Iowa, was idly tuning his homemade set one night when his earphones picked up an SOS from a Norwegian whaling ship, sinking in Arctic seas.

When no one answered the distress call, Don relayed the ship's position to a fellow ham in New Jersey. Within the hour the U.S. coast guard had contacted another whaler in the vicinity of the doomed vessel, whose wireless operator, because of a freak of atmospherics, had not heard the Norwegian's feeble signal. All hands were rescued—and a hero's medal went to Don Wherry.

Just one word of warning. If you expose yourself to ham radio you are lost. Once a ham, always a ham.

* * *

It Happened One April

IN THE 1870's, hordes of locusts descended on the rich wheat lands of Minnesota every summer. Each year, thousands of families saw their crops eaten up before their eyes.

Then in 1877, the governor proclaimed April 26 as a day of fast and prayer. He urged that everyone ask God's help against the summer's threatened pestilence. On the appointed day, stores, schools, and offices were closed. Minnesotans in all walks of life, men from the city as well as from the farm, assembled in prayer.

The next day was incredibly hot for April. The thermometer registered midsummer temperatures. The warm earth began to stir with the awakening larvae of billions of locusts. Three days of unnatural heat passed, and the sun hatched a vast army of locusts. It began to look as though the plague would come early that year, and some men began to feel deserted by God.

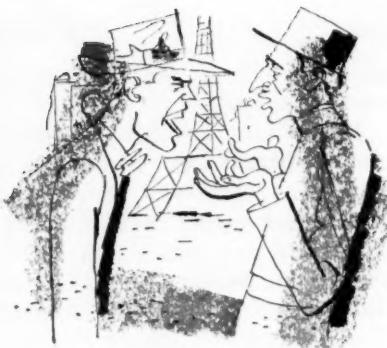
Then, on the fourth night, another unseasonal thing happened. Frost gripped the earth. When farmers awoke next morning, they found their fields littered with the bodies of frozen locusts. When summer came to Minnesota in 1877, the wheat waved tall and green.

John Allen in *Coronet* (Jan. '50).

Esperanto Is Easy

The "universal language" promises to help make the world one

By WILLIAM D. RYAN
Condensed from *Our Family**



CAN YOU UNDERSTAND the paragraph below? Try it! Take your time. You'll be surprised how easily you can make out its general meaning, especially if you've studied one of the Romance languages.

Inteligenta persono lernas la interlingvon Esperanto rapide kaj facile. Esperanto estas la moderna, kultura lingvo por la internacia mondo. Simpla, fleksebla, praktika solvo de la problemo de generala interkimpreno, Esperanto meritas seriozan konsideron.*

How well did you do? Fine. Then you won't have much difficulty learning Esperanto, the world interlanguage. And as Napoleon often said, "A man who knows two languages is twice a man."

In the last half-century the world

has shrunk in size. Swift modes of communication developed in our lifetime have made the need for international understanding and co-operation vitally important.

But international understanding is hampered by the babel of the 2,796 tongues (estimated by the French Academy) by which mankind expresses itself. In the words of Professor José Martel of the College of the City of New York, "Speech which sets man apart from the rest of creation and is his greatest social asset, (at the same time) serves paradoxically to separate him from most of his fellow humans."

The language difficulties at international conferences, for example, are enormous. Misunderstandings due to faulty translations have been responsible for many a political deadlock. At the time when Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek were the Big Four, they could not converse directly. Both Roosevelt and Churchill spoke excellent French. Stalin, whose native

*An intelligent person learns the interlanguage Esperanto rapidly and easily. Esperanto is the modern, cultural language for the international world. A simple, flexible, practical solution to the problem of general intercommunication, Esperanto merits serious consideration.

language was Georgian (quite distinct from Russian), knew several of the languages spoken in Russia. And Chiang Kai-shek knows Japanese. The four men together were probably able to handle 15 languages, but had no common tongue.

What is desperately needed is an easy, neutral world language—a "second" language for international communication, invented for just that purpose. Such a language would be ideal for scholars to use in exchanging their findings, for businessmen in making world-wide agreements, or for diplomats in conducting international affairs. International telephone, telegraph, and radio services could operate smoothly, and travelers would profit.

In all, about 500 artificial languages have been invented. The first synthetic language which came into practical use was *Volapük* (World Speech), invented by a Catholic priest, Msgr. Johann Schleyer of Konstanz, Germany, in 1880. A few years later, a new language supplanted *Volapük*, being far superior on every count. The new language was *Esperanto*.

Esperanto was invented about 60 years ago by a Polish-Russian physician, Louis L. Zamenhof. He understood that the most important thing was that the language should be extraordinarily easy to learn.

After many years of experimentation, he finally published a little textbook. By nature modest and retiring, Dr. Zamenhof did not put

his name to the book, but simply used the pen name *Doctoro Esperanto*, which in the language he invented means "the doctor who hopes." *Esperanto* became the name of the language, and in many ways it is truly the hope of the world.

Esperanto is far easier to learn than the average national language. First of all, it contains no sounds that are very difficult for anyone to pronounce. Its make-up and vocabulary are taken from the chief European languages, with 80% Romanic, 16% Germanic, and 4% Slavonic. The open sounds and the many Romanic words cause it to sound a lot like Spanish.

Esperanto has stood the test of time. It is steadily growing in practical use in every civilized land. An estimated 1.5 million people now use it, including 5,000 in America. Eight hundred international conferences have already used either spoken or written Esperanto. Esperanto short-wave broadcasts average over 150 a month. It is taught in over 500 schools and colleges, including several in the U.S. Approximately 100 Esperanto journals are published regularly, and over 7,000 books are available in Esperanto, including the Holy Bible, the works of Shakespeare, *The Divine Comedy*, *Faust*, and several of G. K. Chesterton's books.

Besides geographic organizations, there are also the *Fakaj Asocioj*, groupings of Esperantists according to professional, religious, and other

interests. One such group is the *Internacia Katolika Unuigo Esperantista* (I.K.U.E.), Vleuten, Netherlands. This is the Catholic division.

From the very beginning, Catholics saw the possibilities for good in the movement. For them, of course, Esperanto was not an end in itself, but a means of serving God in the field of international relations. In 1903 Father Peltier of France founded the magazine *Espero Katolika* (*Catholic Hope*).

When the second world congress of Esperantists was held in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1906, Catholics formulated a plan for their own division. At that time, Pope Pius X blessed the magazine of Father Peltier and gave permission to preach in Esperanto.

I.K.U.E., the International Union of Catholic Esperantists, actually came into being in 1910. The 1st World War put an end to it, but in 1920 *Espero Katolika* was once again coming off the presses.

Catholic headquarters were moved from one country to another, meeting obstacles everywhere. While headquarters were in Spain, the editor of the magazine was killed by the communists; again in 1939, when the headquarters were in Czechoslovakia, the editor fell victim to the nazi invasion. In 1940 the movement was engulfed by the nazi invasion of the Netherlands. Through all their misfortunes, however, the Catholic Esperantists never lost courage. As

soon as possible after the last war, their apostolate was revived and is now going strong. The representative of the I.K.U.E. in America is Mr. Henri Soudee, 2325 Belmont Rd., N.W., Washington 8, D.C.

The following advertisement appears regularly in Esperanto magazines.

"Nekatolikoj kiu(j) deziras informojn pri la katolika religio povas ricevi ilin senpage de la Internacia Katolika Informejo, Fraterhuis, Loonopzand, Nederlando."* Behind this advertisement stand the efforts of an important division of the Catholic Esperanto movement, the International Catholic Information Center (IKI). It has dispelled the prejudices of thousands of non-Catholics and has converted many hundreds of them, through the medium of the world interlanguage, Esperanto. When an Esperantist replies to this advertisement he is sent a copy of the book *Kie estas la Eklezio de Kristo?* (Where is the Church of Christ?) and is referred to the theological correspondent for further information. The IKI also publishes an eight-page bulletin, *Vojo, Vero, Vivo* (*The Way, the Truth, the Life*), which is sent free to non-Catholics. Subscriptions to the bulletin by Catholics are the main source of revenue for the IKI.

*Non-Catholics who desire information about the Catholic religion may receive it free of charge from the International Catholic Information Center, Fraterhuis, Loonopzand, Netherlands.

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The series of pictures of Our Lady by the Mexican artist Alejandro Range Hidalgo, which have appeared as covers of The Catholic Digest, will be resumed shortly. Meanwhile, those which have already appeared are available in four colors in full size, 15½" by 21", suitable for framing. The picture above is Our Lady of Sorrows.

Judging by the response so far, our judgment in discovery has been completely vindicated. The number of orders, running in thousands, demonstrates an eagerness everywhere to welcome things of beauty which, though as modern as today, are as old and as inspirational as anything in the high days of Christian art.

You may still get any one or all of the five paintings which have appeared by ordering on the convenient blank below.

\$1 each

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Fisher of Men

REVIEW BY JIM BISHOP
Editor, CATHOLIC DIGEST Book Club

AN OLD MAN can sometimes look back and see clearly the one job that he grew up to do. It was that way with Peter, the rock upon whom Christ built his Church. He was permitted to live twice as long as his Saviour, 66 years, and, when they crucified him head down, he could say, "The whole inhabited world is in my net." His body wrenched against the nails, and he said, "The net was your word. Thanks to your mercy, my weakness became strength, and I myself your rock. I am carrying my Church, I am carrying You, my God, into eternity. Amen."

At that moment, he understood, despite much wandering, what the goal had been all along. And so, too, in a very minor way, did Herr Kurt Frieberger, a thin, seventyish Austrian, see his own life in long-range perspective when, after 20 years of work, his novelized biography of Peter, the First Apostle, was published. In Vienna, he even remembered the talk by Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli which had inspired the book. And now it seemed almost like a dream that the one-time cardinal, now Pius XII, had agreed to permit Herr Frieberger to dedicate the book to him.

The difficult part of writing the life of Peter is that there is so little to go on. There is a rough skeleton of his early days, little about his family and his beliefs, and a great deal about his preaching after the death of Christ. On this thin frame, Frieberger has managed to hang flesh and skin. But, because part of this is not documented, the book is called a novel rather than a biography.

This, the current selection of the Catholic Digest Book Club, is the first novel to be chosen. One thing is for certain: it will teach you a lot about St. Peter that you did not know.

Yet the book is not a too-pietistic lives-of-the-saints sort of book. In a way, it's as modern as cold war. If you change the name of the enemy from Roman to Russian, switch the martyrs from Peter and Paul to Mindszenty and Stepinac, trade the headsman's axe and the crucifix for brainwashing and solitary confinement, you have bridged 20 centuries.

This is not a book to be raced through at one sitting. Take it in stages, during the quiet hours. When you're finished, you'll find yourself thinking about the book

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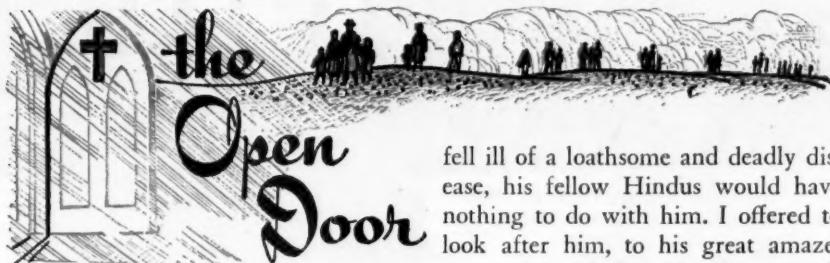
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**REV. FATHER RALPH,
S. V. D. CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES
316 N. Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois**

and its message, and wishing you could talk to someone who had read it, too.

Fisher of Men is published by

Appleton-Century-Crofts at \$3.95. The cost to Catholic Digest Book Club members is \$2.95. See advertisement on back cover.



O TTO, A NON-CATHOLIC, came to work as gardener at our large convent near Portland, Ore. The Sisters' retreat began; Otto was often seen near an open chapel window listening intently to the sermons. Soon, he asked for instructions, and became a Catholic, observing, "The Sisters get the real stuff!" Now he is a Brother in a Religious Order in California.

Sister Mary Rose.

THE CASTE system is the missionary's greatest obstacle in certain parts of India, for when a Hindu becomes a Catholic he becomes an outcaste. The economic and social penalties are absolute, even to the point of abandonment by wife and children. Thus, the conversion of my Enemy No. 1 proved again that where all arguments fail, charity triumphs.

A certain staunch and influential Hindu always derided Catholic customs and ceremonies. But when he

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

fell ill of a loathsome and deadly disease, his fellow Hindus would have nothing to do with him. I offered to look after him, to his great amazement. I paid for his three-month stay in the hospital. He was cured.

He came straight to me, to thank me. Our religion must be nobler than his, he decided. He and his family became Catholics, and his former influence and present example have helped many other pagans to enter the true fold.

Peter Zerafa.

A CHILD, sent to a New Jersey Catholic hospital after an accident with scalding water, was not eating well. A Protestant invalid suggested that the boy be brought to his room at mealtime. Maybe he could encourage him to eat. Alphabet soup was brought in; the man asked the lad to spell out words. The boy spelled *Jesus, Mary, Church*, and so on. Before long, the child was eating well, and also explaining the faith to his Protestant friend, who then requested prayers, further instruction, and then Baptism, Communion, and soon, Extreme Unction. He died with Mary's name on his lips. Sr. Margaret Pecorini, M.P.F.

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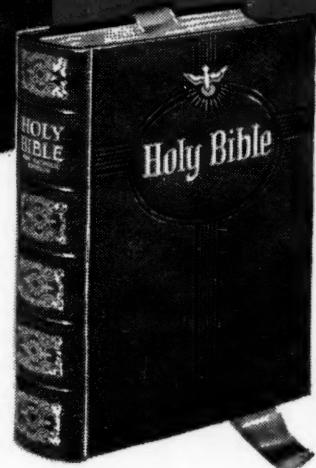
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